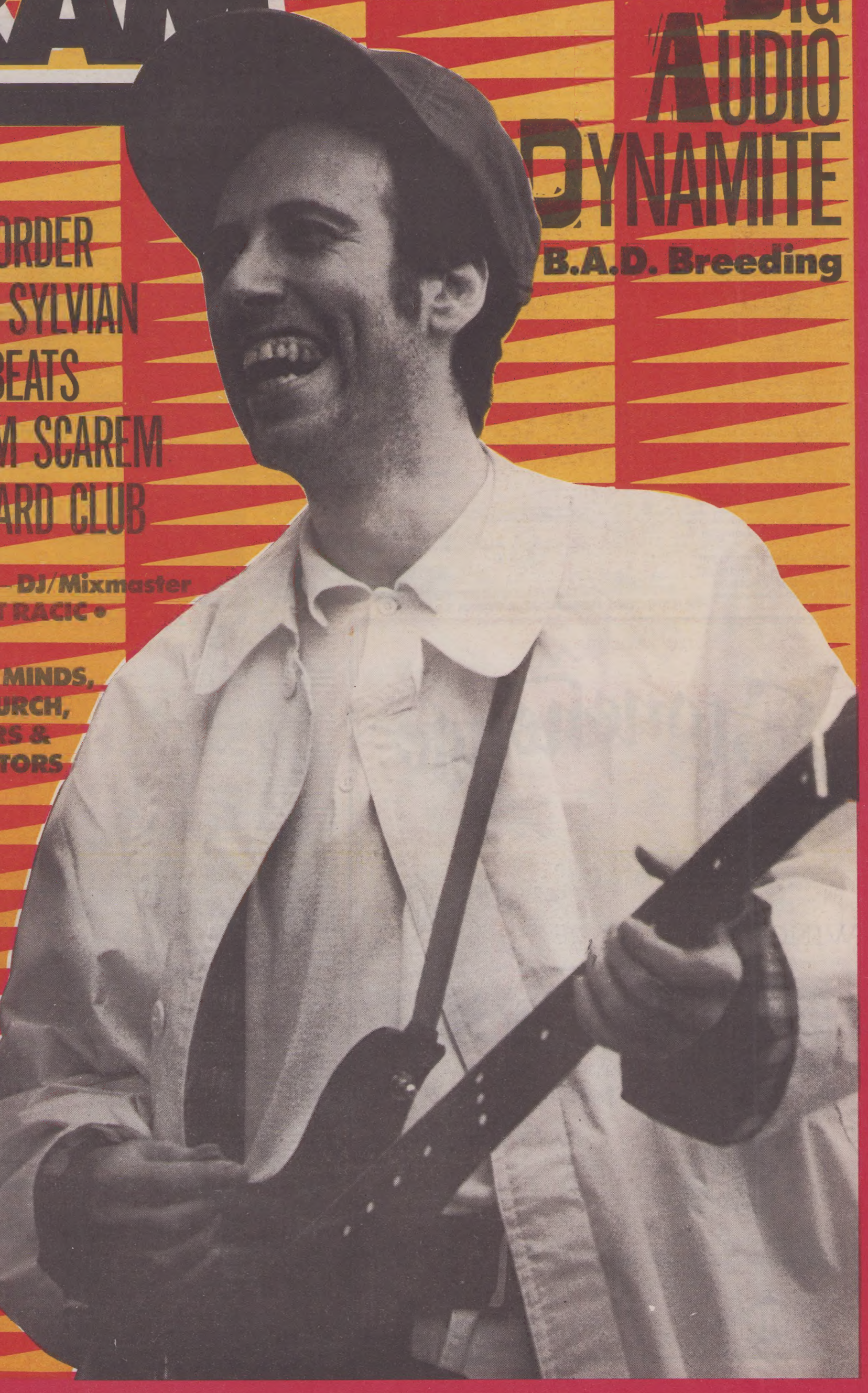
*$1.50
(USA: $1.75/NZ $1.75)

November 19, 1986 #297

ROCK AUSTRALIA MAGAZINE

RAM



BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE

B.A.D. Breeding

NEW ORDER

DAVID SYLVIAN

EASYBEATS

HAREM SCAREM

MUSTARD CLUB

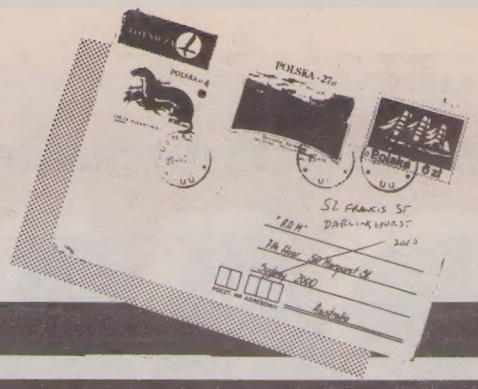
Special Feature — **DJ/Mixmaster ROBERT RACIC •**

LIVE —
SIMPLE MINDS, THE CHURCH, HUNTERS & COLLECTORS

PIC: TONY MOTT

Registered by Australia Post — Publication No. NBP 1333

RAM LETTERS



SEND YOUR LETTERS TO: P.O. BOX 937, DARLINGHURST NSW 2010

THUMBS UP

RAM, Today was the first time I read your mag (#295). Maybe that says something about your promotion of your product. Anyway, reading it I was pretty impressed with it, what (with) having promotions of David Sylvian and the article about Shriekback and their support band INXS. So I thought that you would be the ones that I should write to to ask a question and hopefully get a reply along with a smart remark.

So here it is. About four months ago I saw a band called Peking Man on Rock Arena and thought that they were pretty good. Suzanne Whatshername said they were from NZ. Well, I know it was too good to be true, but they were supposed to be releasing an album or at least a single. I've been watching out, but as yet I haven't seen anything. I was just wondering if you could find out and maybe publish it (record label, etc) — they need all the breaks they can get since they're from NZ.

On a more general note, David Byrne would be one of the most interesting people you could interview and devote a two-page spread to rather than an aerobics instructor that gets hair transplants from his face to his chest and loses the best part of him when he farts (David Lee Roth).

Some real Australian talent would be good too — Not Drowning, Waving. Anyway, I must go. I hope you can help me.

Jamie McEntee,
Traralgon, Vic.

Jamie, RAM's been coming out each fortnight for 11 and a half years now. Maybe that says something about how some people take us for granted. Anyway, thanks for your comments and here's the dope on Peking Man: yes, they are from New Zealand, and they released a single — *Room That Echoes* — through CBS here earlier this year. CBS are in fact about to re-release it, along with a second single — *Good Luck To You* — in January 1987. A self-titled album is scheduled for February, and the band has released two previous singles in NZ: *Hold Your Head Up High* and *Between The Lines*. We're working on a Talking Heads feature, and we've passed your address on to David Lee Roth. Oh, and we've published two previous articles on Not Drowning, Waving — in issues #252 (which also contains a David Byrne cover story) and #282. Back copies are available at $1.50 plus postage.

NOT WAVING, DROWNING (Greg Smith)

THUMBS DOWN

Dear RAM, It was a joke, right? Your idea of the ultimate irony, I suppose? What am I talking about? I could only be referring to that unbelievable sentence in Ms Moncrieff's otherwise interesting Wreckery article (issue #296):

"With the possible exception of urbane and amiable bassist Charles Todd, none of the five members is particularly fond of the press and each has his own tale of woe regarding incompetent journalism." Oh wildly amusing, I don't think. Yes Virginia, there is an amiable bassist amongst the Wreckery's ranks — his name, as you well know, is Nick Barker. And something tells me that no longer amiable saxophonist Charles Todd has just been provided with his very own "tale of woe".

That joke isn't funny any more.

As the most exciting, not to mention most important band on this side of the planet, the Wreckery deserve better. Did the devil make you do it, Virginia? Or is it, once again, the typesetter who should be strung up and garrotted with Mr Race's used guitar strings?

Yours in self-promotion,

Julia,
St. Leonards, NSW.

Of course it was a joke, Julia. Naturally it was the ultimate irony. You're the only one who's noticed so far — congratulations! Y'see, Charles was feeling left out, so we just had to provide him with his very own tale of woe. Now everyone's happy!

ON THE INSIDE

5 MEDIASPIEL
Sydney's Radio Skid Row — Communal Airspace

7 L.A. DESPATCH
Regressive radio, street riots & smart rock cinema

8 THE MUSTARD CLUB
Former Sydney mods go for modern r'n'b

9 HAREM SCAREM — BLUES FOR THE 80s
CLINTON WALKER feels a Hard Rain comin' down...

10 ROBERT RACIC — MR FIXIT IN THE MIX
LYNDEN BARBER meets our own remix wizard

13 EASYBEATS — ON THE REBOUND
PHIL STAFFORD opens a legendary time capsule

14 BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE — THE EXPLODING BEATBOX
CAROL CLERK gets the drum from Mick Jones on the new B.A.D. album

16 NEW ORDER — OLD RULES
JON CASIMIR & TED MICO join the Brotherhood...

18 CHARTZ

19 DAVID SYLVIAN — LIFE ON EARTH
STEVEN CADBURY soaks up some post-Japan ambience

20 SEEN & HEARD
SIMPLE MINDS/DO.RE.MI, THE CHURCH, HUNTERS & COLLECTORS Live; BACKLASH at the movies, 12-inch singles & albums galore...

?

FROM ACROSS THE TASMAN

Stonehenge

ON

WINGS OF STEEL

THR 20 : THE BRIDGEWAY
FRI 21 : THE GOVERNOR HINDMARSH
SAT 22 : MT GAMBIER FOOTBALL CLUB SOUTH
SUN 23 : NUNAWADING SKATE RANGE
WED 26 : THE JOHN McARTHUR TAVERN
THR 27 : ST JAMES TAVERN
FRI 28 : PATCHEZ
SAT 29 : THE HILLS INN
SUN 30 : THE LEUMEAH INN

EP "WINGS OF STEEL" OUT NOW

Rayren Records

PULSE PROMOTIONS

Could this be Spinal Tap?

ROCK'N'ROLL FUTURE TALES — PART 3,167

Last night the Choirboys entered my life. I see this now, recounting the night's events, as a milestone in my life at present. Ipswich...well, Queensland, of course, is not the most motivating place for any bands with half an original idea to perform with any semblance of enthusiasm. However, I find myself stuck in this town, which seems mainly inhabited by plebs, inbreds and our less fortunate intellectually handicapped brothers and sisters.

Until last night, I thought I might never get out. And today, well, the afterglow of a great night's entertainment (and some hastily consumed alcoholic beverages) shines on. God only knows whose wonderful idea it was to submit these obvious masters to a venue like Caesar's (Sleazer's) Palace, much less a town like Timbuktu — er, Ipswich — but all to our advantage and hopefully not too much discomfort to the Choirboys. If it was that painful, it certainly did not affect their performance one iota.

I knew the band would be good, but I wasn't prepared for just how good...well, bloody great. It's very dissuading seeing bands who rely on good musicians to carry an average voice or vice versa, and even more dissuading to watch those bands achieve their standard of fame, be it Top 40 or indie. But it is never boring to witness excellent musicians; brilliant guitarists with an effervescent drummer and a singer whose range is as wide and effortless as a fat person's escape from a corset. There was, I'm sure, a slight hesitation from the band as they viewed their potential punters (your average 16-year-old trendy), but their professionalism and magnetism both blasted those 'society lobotomised' to the rear of the venue, and then dragged them back.

This band obviously enjoys working together and the cameraderie between them is happy, energetic and satisfied. And if what I heard from a bird is true, and this was their first gig for a while, then I'd kill to see them when they're pumping.

It's a pleasure to see a lead man who has no need to sell a few sexual innuendoes for attention; he grasps the audience with his own brand of attractiveness and, I might add, holds them until the end. He couldn't however stop the urge to closely inspect the human extension growing out of the lead guitar. (Does he still play in the nude? — Ed.) This little man has power plus, and with the eventual outcome leaning towards the heavy side (not usually to my liking) he placed our heads somewhere in the vicinity of Mars.

This excellent band made an impact both on the commercially minded plebs and we (sic) real people. But most of all, they succeeded in restoring my faith in Life itself. I can, I'm going to, and I will get out of this place, but in the meanwhile...Thanks, Choirboys, for some real talent and a great night.

(Ms) Shayne Murray
Ipswich, Qld.

Hallelujah, Sister Shayne...And if there were no Choirboys, we'd have to invent them!

URBAN GUERILLAS ------ STOLEN GEAR ------ HELP!

Sydney-based band URBAN GUERILLAS would appreciate any information at all that would assist in the recovery of all or part of the following equipment:

1 x Music Man HD 212 combo. serial No. 2475130-AX
1 x Fender Twin Reverb 100w combo.
1 x Fender Bassman Head 100w
1 x Roland Guitar Synthesiser GR 700
1 x Roland JX3P Keyboard Synthesiser
1 x Fender Precision Bass Guitar
1 x Ibanez Multi effects UE 400
1 x Ludwig 5 1/2" Snare drum
1 x Boss Overdrive
1 x Boss Analog Delay
2 x Guitar Synth. leads
2 x FV 60 Volume pedals
1 x BX 400 Boss Mixer
15 x Guitar leads jack to jack
15 microphone leads cannon blue & red ends
3 x 57 Shure Microphones
1 x CE 3 Boss Stereo Chorus
1 x Yamaha Flanger
1 x Quantum Graphic Equaliser
3 x 9volt Power Supplies
10 x Guitar Leads jack to jack

Any information Please contact

Terry Moles	6654437
Ken Stewart	3876129
Kim Cambridge	6657785
Rod Gilchrist	515018

TRANSIT LOUNGE

PEOPLE • EVENTS • THINGS ON THE MOVE

It's hard to imagine a band like **Severed Heads** having their clothes ripped off in Australia, let alone Spain. But that's (almost) exactly what happened last week in Barcelona, when thieves broke into the Heads' equipment van and made off with all of their clothes and some of their equipment. Currently on the European leg of a world tour, the band pressed on minus threads and Tom Ellard's keyboards only to suffer a second robbery the following day; this time they lost registration papers for the van *and* their visas. Forced to return to their London base via France to renew documentation, the Heads first had to get past French border officials: which they did, thanks to their smooth-talking English tour manager. They're now back on the European tour trail, after blowing out Italy, and are currently in Austria...

Whoever said **The Law**'s an ass is bound to have theirs kicked by the Melbourne band of the same name, due in Sydney later this month for a clutch of shows. The five-piece lineup, described in some quarters as a "best-of" distillation of Melbourne's hardcore rock scene, has just recorded its second self-financed single —tastefully entitled *Bum* b/w *Over*. "We've still got record deals on offer, but we ain't good shark bait," they say in their press release. Perhaps Sydney audiences will do just as well...

The **Died Pretty** OS tour appears to have found sure footing on the East Coast of the US, even though keyboardist (and former RAM scribe) **Frank Brunetti** managed to break his ankle on the New Zealand leg (his other one's Italian, and built to last). Frank assures us it hasn't affected his playing, and his stage act is still intact. If he's to be believed, the band appear to have won a new fan in **Charlie** 'Cheekbones' **Sexton** — who came backstage after their NY show with breathless praise for guitarist **Brett Myers** and wild promises of "jacking up a deal with Epic" (Sexton's American label). We'll keep you posted...

It's been a long apprenticeship, but more than a decade of performance has paid off for the **Conway Brothers Hiccups Orchestra**, who began in early 70s Melbourne as Captain Matchbox. The Hiccups blitzed Britain with three months of touring, radio and TV appearances, theatre and cabaret perfromances and even a recording date with Man At Work Colin Hay. "A well tuned edge of parody", "bizarre and unique brand of lunacy" and "What a great band!" foamed the British press, and you can decide for yourself at Sydney's Three Weeds, Gossip's and the Hip Hop Club from November to January.

The early 70s also saw the rise and fall of Australian blues rockers **Carson**, whose floating lineup contributed to the likes of Daddy Cool, LRB and the Renee Geyer Band. A brief reunion tour featuring some of the band's best known members and fronted by **Broderick Smith** (who went on to form the Dingoes) will be witnessed in Melbourne during mid-November — guaranteed to bring the most hardened boogie fans out of the Eltham Hills. Wonder if Gudinski will sign 'em to Mushroom... again?

And now for something completely... unusual? Sydney's only chamber/jazz ensemble, the **Umbrellas**, featuring the bizarre talents of Kiwi pianist **Peter Dasent** and free bopping saxophonist **Mark Simmonds**, will perform their peculiar brand of eclecticism at the Opera House Broadwalk Studio on November 12 and 13. Also on the programme are special guests the **Sydney String Quartet**, performing works by Bartok and Debussy before joining the Umbrellas. "The resulting delicious aural melange," it says here, "will be preserved on high quality recording tape" with a view to a second LP next year. *(See Seen & Heard for a review of the first Umbrellas LP.)*

Taking their own worst advice a little too literally (as usual), **Mental As Anything** intend to launch their new single *Let's Go To Paradise* in an entirely appropriate location: the ruggedly arid Pilbara region of north-western Australia. They'll headline an outdoor show at somewhere called Karatha this month during a break in sessions for their upcoming new LP, due out in early 87. According to a press release, the concert is "expected to draw people from hundreds of kilometres away". Bound to, as there are probably more people in the band and crew than actually reside in Karatha...

The **Venetians, Allniters** and new Centre Records signing **Camras En Paris** will head a concert bill at Sydney's Bondi Pavilion on Sunday November 9, in aid of a Waverley Council project for the intellectually disabled. Dubbed **'Rockabilities'**, the show will also feature **Austen Tayshus**, 2JJJ's **Rusty Nails** and an "all-star" pickup band including **Continental Robert Susz, Kevin Borich, Tommy Emmanuel** and **John Swan**. A mere $4 gains admission to the concert, set to run between 2pm and 7pm on the day...

A somewhat larger and even more varied lineup of acts will feature at a huge outdoor concert in Sydney's western suburbs a week later. **'Bottom Of The Mountain '86'**, to be held at Cook Park, St Mary's (home to the Penrith Soccer Club) on November 16, stars **Icehouse**, the **Mentals, Pseudo Echo**, the **Party Boys, Sandii & The Sunsetz**, the **Screaming Blue Messiahs, Cockroaches, Kings Of The Sun** and **Glassworks**.

A frantic release schedule for Sydney's **Waterfront Records** over the latter part of this year will include **Decline Of The Reptiles'** swansong EP *Too Much Armour, Not Enough Brains*. Although the band broke up some time ago, there's to be a one-off reformation show on the last weekend of November to accompany the release. Likely venue is the Trade Union Club, which will also play host to a special 'Waterfront Night' on Saturday November 22 — featuring three floors of noise drawn from most of the label's catalogue, including the **Hard Ons** (whose tastefully entitled mini album *Smell The Finger* has just been released), the **Spunk Bubbles, Naked Lunch, Headstones**, the **Skolars, Tripps** and latest signing the **Fishermen** (featuring Jeremy Oxley). Each of these bands will have some form of vinyl out in coming weeks, along with young hardcore sensations **Mass Appeal**, whose seven-track mini album entitled *Nobody Likes A Thinker* is released next week. The Skolars will also put out a mini album, *Next To The Oyster*, round the same time..

Former Moodists bass player **Chris Walsh** has turned up in a new Melbourne outfit called **The Great Temptation**, whose luminous ranks also include ex Marching Girls/Birthday Party drummer **Des Hefner**, one-time Bad Poets vocalist **Jade D'Adrenz** and guitarist **Mr Pierre** — formerly of JAB, Teenage Radio Stars and the early Models. Collectively, they're described as "highly individual and soulful in the only potent sense of the word" Hmmmmm.

OILS GO PUBLIC (Back To The Bars)

Midnight Oil's first city dates for 1986 will take place in the very environment from which they first sprang forth almost ten years ago: the pubs. Over the next five weeks, the band will play short residencies in the larger hotel rooms of Sydney and Melbourne for a fixed admission of $12 per show; what's more, the Oils will occupy the full night's programme at every venue bar Selinas in Sydney and The Venue in Melbourne, where supports will be added.

The pub tour to end them all kicks off this week in Sydney with shows at the Venue (Dee Why Hotel) on the 4th followed by Tiffany's Blacktown, Bankstown Sports Club, Cronulla-Sutherland Leagues and Selinas. The band then repeats this circuit twice before moving to Melbourne on November 26 for shows at Fosters Nite Spot, The Venue, Westside Hotel (Tarmac) and the Excelsior Hotel (Thomastown) over another three-week period.

A new Midnight Oil album, the band's first in over two years since 1984's *Red Sails In The Sunset*, will be released in March next year to coincide with yet another spate of pub gigs —this time, nation-wide...including Perth. Earlier this year, the Oils visited a string of Aboriginal settlements in the Territory and elsewhere with Gondwanaland's Charlie McMahon and the Warumpi Band: it was an unprecedented triumph for a white band at last coming face to face with the land rights issue, the black and white socio-cultural gap and rock'n'roll's attempts to narrow it. This time, they'll be face to face with their original pub following — talk about the best of both worlds...

LET'S WORK TOGETHER!

I heard something beautiful last night. Something so staggeringly *right* that it almost made me cry. What on earth could have this effect on a hard-boiled Scrooge like me?

Well, it turns out that Jimmy Barnes and INXS are together in the studio at last. Am I emotional because two major talents are working as one? Do my eyes mist over because I feel that now we have an Australian music industry willing to collaborate in the interests of fine product?

Fuck no! Whaddaya take me for, some kind of wimp? This is hilarious. You ever laughed so much you burst into tears? No? Well get this...

What are these guys working on? Not something virile, happening and *now*, that's for sure. They're doing an Easybeats cover!

Ain't that rich? *I* think it is. Like I said here a couple of months back, GrubbleCorp have been working on reviving every musical style at once: r'n'b, disco, 60s schlock — you name it. We want to bore everyone stupid before we launch the Big New Thing next financial year. Like most things we do, it's succeeding beyond our wildest dreams, and we decided to do more of it.

So we did an experiment with two cardboard boxes. In one box we threw the names of some dead horses that we wanted flogged. In the other we put the names of some high profile rock people we wanted to do some flogging. The first card out of the first box was the Easybeats. We pulled two cards out of box two by mistake, and got INXS and Jimmy Barnes. The lab boys thought this a right laugh, but I twisted a few arms down at Rhinoceros — and had them in the studio within 24 hours. But here's the funny part. Barnes and Hutchence *wanted* to do it. They thought it was a really good idea!

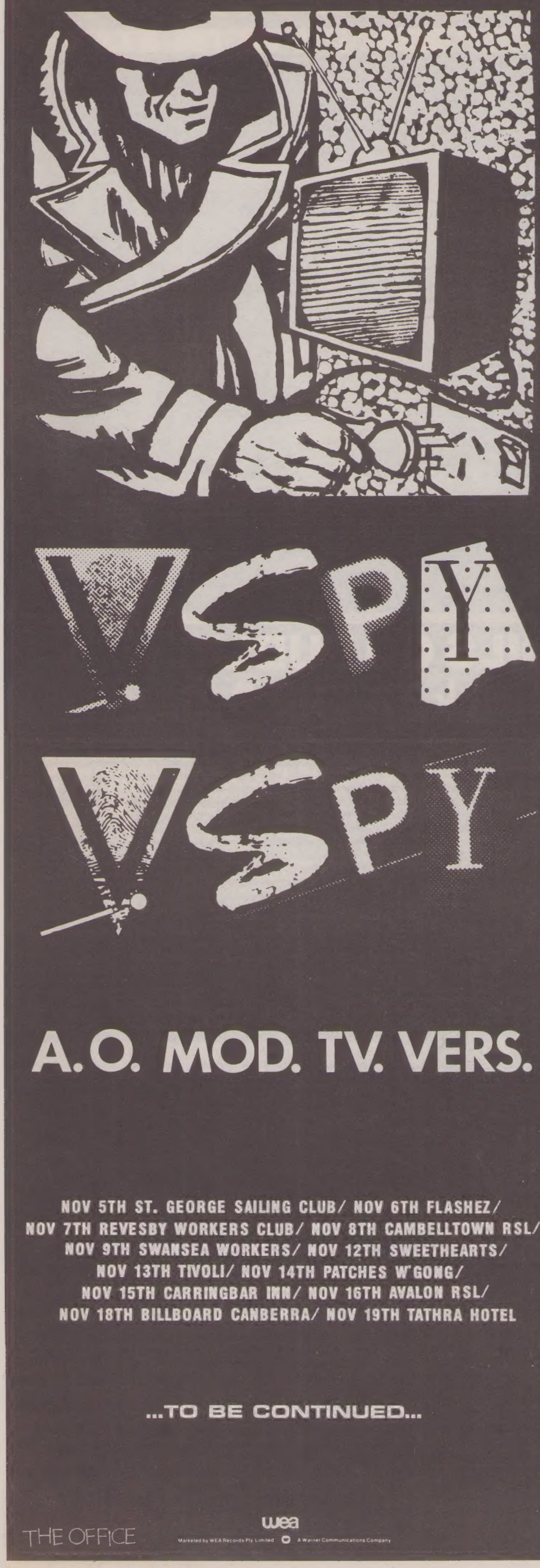
Not much surprises me anymore, but this blew me away. I was prepared to drag 'em down to Rhino by the short and curlies if I had to. But they wanted to record this thing! Still baffles me, I gotta admit. But when you're on a good thing, you bleed it white. So we put the contents of both cardboard boxes through a paper shredder and got a retarded monkey to glue it all back together. Here's the January Top 5, just like the ape told it to me...

A Day In The Life (Lennon/McCartney), by Col Joye & Nick Cave.
Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy (Andrews Sisters), by Miles Davis & The Troggs.
Requiem (Mozart), by Stephane Grapelli & The Reels.
Purple Haze (Jimi Hendrix), by James Last & Pardon Me Boys.
White Punks On Dope (The Tubes) by Rolf Harris and Tina Turner.

I want it to happen so bad, I think I'm going to burst into tears.

J. WALLACE GRUBBLESNUTCH

STAY TUNED...



A.O. MOD. TV. VERS.

NOV 5TH ST. GEORGE SAILING CLUB/ NOV 6TH FLASHEZ/
NOV 7TH REVESBY WORKERS CLUB/ NOV 8TH CAMBELLTOWN RSL/
NOV 9TH SWANSEA WORKERS/ NOV 12TH SWEETHEARTS/
NOV 13TH TIVOLI/ NOV 14TH PATCHES W'GONG/
NOV 15TH CARRINGBAR INN/ NOV 16TH AVALON RSL/
NOV 18TH BILLBOARD CANBERRA/ NOV 19TH TATHRA HOTEL

...TO BE CONTINUED...

THE OFFICE

wea
Marketed by WEA Records Pty Limited A Warner Communications Company

TRANSIT LOUNGE

PEOPLE • EVENTS • THINGS ON THE MOVE

SEX...Britain's Independent Broadcasting Authority may ban live pop concerts from the radio following alleged "obscenities" uttered by **Paul Heaton** of the **Housemartins** on the *Eurorock* show. "Maggie Sex Insult" screamed the tabloids — apparently Heaton remarked that Margaret Thatcher would be better off engaged in sex with her husband than running the country. He replied to the IBA's criticism by saying that the "real obscenities" are "poverty, racism and sexism"...And **Marc Almond** has described as "homophobic paranoia" the reaction of Virgin Records to his new video, to accompany the single *Ruby Red* from a forthcoming album, *Mother Fist And Her Five Daughters*. A Virgin spokesperson described the video as "morally offensive" and the LP as "lyrically filthy". Almond replied: "If the video contained scenes of near-naked women, then that would make it acceptable. As it is, men's buttocks have been around for a long time and we must learn to live with them.."

...& DRUGS...While testifying at the inquest into the death of American keyboardist Michael Rudetsky, **Boy George** has admitted publicly that he has failed to give up heroin. He claimed that Dr Meg Patterson's 'black box' treatment has been unsuccessful, but she countered it was "completely his own fault" that O'Dowd has failed to detoxify...

...& ROCK'N'ROLL: It seems you have to queue to sue the **Dead Kennedys** these days. Already in hot water over obscenity charges and "distributing harmful matter to minors" (arising from the inclusion of the H.R. Giger poster *Penis Landscape* in their *Frankenchrist* LP), the Kennedys have copped suits from someone who's accused singer **Jello Biafra** of kicking him from the stage during a show and from an LA cop who claims compensation for injuries incurred at a gig last year. Now the Detroit Shriners, a right-wing charity organisation, have chipped in with a $45 million suit over the use of a photograph of Shriners on parade. The photo, which appears on the album sleeve, was purchased from *Newsweek*, and the Shriners claim it "shows them in a bad light". Said Biafra: "This stinks of petty harrassment. America is the only country in the entire western world where the laws are rigged in such a way that anyone would even *think* of filing a lawsuit as ridiculous as this."

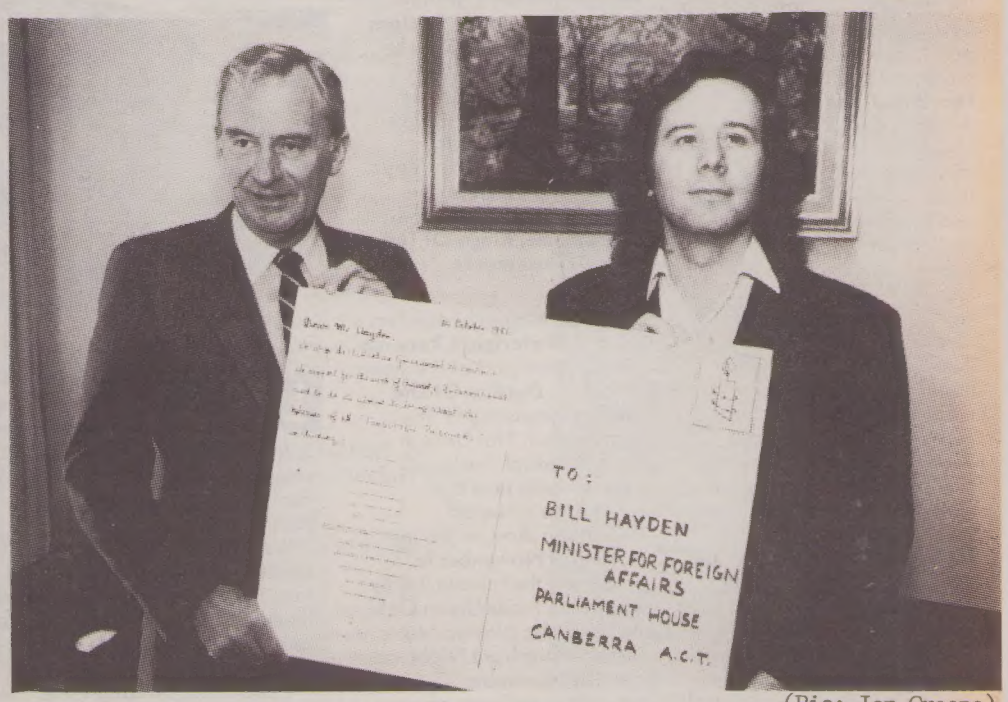
Movie News: Review of ***Sid And Nancy*** by *New York Post* critic **Rex Reed**: "Forced to choose between *Sid And Nancy* and two hours at the dentist's, I'll choose root canal." Review of ***Shanghai Surprise*** by *Melody Maker*'s **Brian Case**: "A dull little film, not a turkey so much as a tallow-coloured pullet approaching the end of its refrigerated shelf-life." While on the subject, English TV director **Geoff Wonfor**, who made a doco on the shooting of *Shanghai Surprise*, reports: "The Penns are a real pain. He is the most arrogant upstart I have ever come across." Papa don't preach...

Reunited — **Zodiac Mindwarp** (the band) and Zodiac Mindwarp (the singer), who was sacked from the British group and just as quickly reinstated. According to a close source, they were "a little bit miffed" about the singer's $87,000 (!) alcohol bill since signing with Phonogram. Apparently he was drinking their money as well, so they gave him the boot just to scare him. The source continued: "They froze his assets. Zodiac went into the office spewing blood and booze and he decided that if they were going to freeze his assets, he was going to fry their asses...The band bludgeoned him into submission. He's now drying out in a sanitorium." Eighty-seven big ones? Sounds like he's lucky to be *alive*...

Back after five years is **Debbie Harry** with a new single, *French Kissing In The USA* — b/w *Rockbird*, the title track from her new album. Aside from appearing in a few feature films, Harry has spent her time looking after boyfriend **Chris Stein**, a victim of pemphigus — a disease that affects the immune system and the skin. Now fully recovered, he features on both single and LP.

Matt Johnson is unrepentant about the cover of the new **The The** single — a very tasteful painting of the devil — wanking! (*see article issue #296*). To anyone who'll listen, he's even prepared to explain the cultural significance of the onanistic Mephistophilis: "The masturbating devil is a bit shocking initially. It is not supposed to be gratuitous titillation, but a distortion of a centuries-old metaphor for the darker side of mankind's emotion." We can't see it being released here. In fact, we can't see...**WAIT!** CBS (Aust.) have confirmed the local release of *Infected* in its original sleeve — slightly amended. In other words, it won't look quite like this...

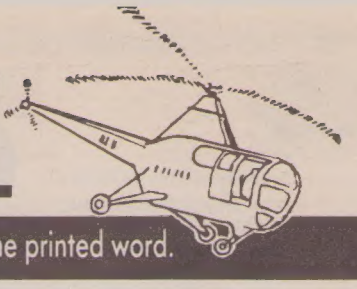
Spot the deliberate mistake: last month, the **Damned** got stuck in a lift just before they were due on stage at Hull City Hall in England. Trouble is, somebody let them out. They were sorry they escaped, 'cos next night they left the stage in a huff when the audience kept gobbing on them. First Johnny Rotten, now Rat & Co...wassa matter? Can't the class of '77 take a joke anymore?



(Pic: Ian Greene)

JIM KERR presents Australia's Foreign Minister BILL HAYDEN with a postcard urging "the Australian government to continue its support for the work of Amnesty International and to do its utmost to bring about the releases of all 'Forgotten Prisoners' ". Simple Minds are supporters of Amnesty International, having donated concert proceeds to the organisation, and their Australian tour coincides with Amnesty International's 25th anniversary. The worldwide movement continues its work for political prisoners with the release through PolyGram this week of an album, Conspiracy Of Hope, *with tracks by the Minds, Bryan Adams, Dire Straits, Peter Gabriel, Sting, U2 and Paul McCartney, among others.*

M.E.D.I.A S.P.I.E.L



An occasional column devoted to movements on the airwaves — TV, Radio, Video, with sporadic deference to the printed word.

Radio Skid Row

Catering almost exclusively to the forgotten minorities of Sydney's inner-city airspace, 2RSR-FM (aka Radio Skid Row) has had to fight every inch to survive. But as MARK CAREY reports, the battle is far from over...

THE turbulent history of Radio Skid Row began in September 1983, when the station was licenced to transmit at 88.9 MHz on the FM band within a range that covered the municipalities of Sydney, Leichhardt, Marrickville and Botany.

This geographical coincidence, which incorporated the large migrant communities of the inner-west, the Aborigines of Redfern, the inner-city unemployed and the inmates of Long Bay Gaol, conspired to determine the distinctive path of the station. These communities would not only constitute the listening audience, but they would also be the broadcasters.

However, the station's Board of Directors was initially dominated by conservative local businessmen and Liberal students from Sydney University —"a board that wasn't in touch with what was happening down here at Skid Row," as station worker Anna Schinella recalls.

When the $400-a-week Board-appointed station manager started throwing his weight around — presiding mandarin-like over unpaid station workers, banning selected broadcasters from the premises and generally behaving like a station manager at the kind of radio station Skid Row were determined *not* to be — the station workers revolted, and the Board swiftly responded.

On June 24, 1984 the Board of Skid Row closed the station without consultation, and it remained closed for three weeks while station workers organised protest meetings, a media campaign and benefit gigs to raise community awareness of what was going on and get the station back on air.

The campaign was successful. At the AGM that year, the old board was swept from power and replaced with a more sympathetic and representative group which has maintained Skid Row's independent stance ever since.

The station subsists (barely) on income from subscriptions, money paid for airtime from some of the community groups best able to afford it, donations and profits from benefit gigs and the sale of T-shirts and posters.

In September 1985 the Community Arts Board funded the station for an Artist In Residence, and the Public Broadcasting Foundation put up for a multi-cultural programming producer. And two CEP positions of six months' duration have helped ease the enormous burden on unpaid station workers.

Programmes are designed for a variety of groups at different times of the week. There are programmes for single parents, the unemployed, progressive unionists, Aboriginals, ethnic groups and prisoners, plus one day devoted solely to women. Music, of course lays the base for most programmes. The broad policy — as described by Matt Liotta, who co-ordinates the Skid Row record library —retains an emphasis on local acts, aiming for 30 percent black, 30 percent women and 30 percent Australian in general. Rather than a strictly enforced policy, the 30:30:30 idea is a generally accepted guideline and an affirmation of the station's commitment to playing material often ignored by other radio.

Skid Row's biggest success story of the past 18 months has been Radio Redfern, the voice of inner-city Aboriginal community, giving unprecedented access to a group that has been disenfranchised and misrepresented by the media for the past 200 years. A recent fire at Radio Redfern's Eveleigh St studio caused by equipment failure has been the source of some inconvenience, necessitating a temporary transfer to Skid Row's City Road headquarters while maintenance was carried out.

But that's not the greatest of Skid Row's worries at present. The existing Skid Row transmitter is a very sick piece of equipment — terminally ill, as a matter of fact. Financial strain has meant the three-year-old prototype hasn't been modified or even 'seen to' for a while. "It's dying of old age, basically," says Anna Schinella.

A new transmitter will cost around $10,000, and is needed A.S.A.P.! If the old one breaks down again, Skid Row will be forced off the air until a replacement can be found. To raise the required cash, a Transmitter Fund is being organised. Benefit gigs are in planning and listeners will be asked to do their bit by subscribing in a 'Radiothon' throughout November.

Subscriptions are a fairly reasonable $20 a year for workers or $5 for non-workers, payable through P.O. Box 378, Wentworth Building, Sydney University, 2006. Alternatively, feel free to drop into the station — downstairs in the Wentworth Building on City Road.

And remember that supporting public radio isn't only a gesture in solidarity with an independent voice on the airwaves — it sustains your freedom of choice as a listener.

MARK CAREY

THE HARBOUR AGENCY
present

EAST MEETS WEST

SANDII AND THE SUNSETZ

NOVEMBER

SAT 15 THE DOMAIN , SYDNEY
SUN 16 COOK PARK, PENRITH
TUE 18 LE ROX ADELAIDE
THU 20 PALACE, MELBOURNE
FRI 21 THE CLUB, MELBOURNE
SAT 22 THE CLUB, MELBOURNE
SUN 23 THE CLUB, MELBOURNE
TUE 25 TRACKS, EPPING
WED 26 ST. GEORGE SAILING CLUB
THU 27 SWEETHEARTS
FRI 28 SYDNEY COVE TAVERN
SAT 29 SYDNEY COVE TAVERN
SUN 30 NEWCASTLE WKRS CLUB

"EAST MEETS WEST" 7" & 12"
& "BANZAI BABY" ALBUM
AVAILABLE SOON ON VIRGIN
RECORDS + TAPES THRU E.M.I.

AUSTRALIAN TOUR 1986

Roland Virgin 135 MUSIC

GIG GUIDE

TOURS

JACKSON BROWNE
Nov 22 Syd Ent Cent
25 Bris Ent Cent
27 Canberra Bruce Stadium
29 Melb Sports Ent Cent
Dec 2 Perth Ent Cent
4 Adelaide Festival
JOE COCKER
Nov 9 Regent Theatre Dunedin
10 Christchurch Town Hall
12 Palmerston Nth Sports Cent
13 Michael Fowler Cent, Wellington
14 Logan Campbell Cent, Auckland
DREAM SYNDICATE
Dec 4 Chasers
5,6 Prince Of Wales
7 Central Club-
10 Dee Why Htl
11,12,13 Sydney Trade Union Club
EASYBEATS
Nov 5 Perth Ent Cent
7 Syd Ent Cent
8 Brisbane Ent Cent
EURYTHMICS
Feb 3 Brisbane Ent Cent
5,6,8,9 Syd Ent Cent
17 Canberra Nat Indoor Stadium
21 Memorial Drive, Adelaide
24 Perth Ent Cent
28, Mar 1,3,4,6,7 Melb Sports & Ent Cent
GENESIS
Nov 25-27, Dec 15-20 Syd Ent Cent
Nov 29 Bris Ent Cent
Dec 2 Football Park, West Lakes Adelaide
5,6 Perth Ent Cent
9-13 Melb Ent Cent
WHITNEY HOUSTON
Nov 16 Syd Ent Cent
19 Bris Ent Cent
22 Adelaide Memorial Drive
24,25 Melb Ent Cent
JOE JACKSON
Oct 24 Perth Ent Cent
26 Adelaide Fest Hall
30 Brisbane Fest Hall
Nov 1,2 Melb Concert Hall
5 Syd Ent Cent
ELTON JOHN
Nov 6,7 Brisbane Ent Cent
10-13,15-18 Melb Ent Cent
21 Westlakes Stadium
25,26 Perth Ent Cent
Dec 1-4,6-8,13,14 Syd Ent Cent
SANDII & THE SUNSETZ
Nov 15 Sydney Domain
16 Cook Park, Penrith
20 The Palace, Melb
21-23 The Club
25 Tracks, Epping
26 St George Sailing Club
27 Sweethearts
28,29 Syd Cove Tav
30 N'Castle Workers
Dec 3 Bombay Rock
4 Stuarts Alexandra Headland
5 Manfield Tav
6 The Patch
7 Byron Bay Arts Fact.
SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS
Nov 5 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool
6 Go Fast Club Chasers, Melbourne
7 Prince of Wales, Melb
8 Central Club Hotel
10 Canberra Workers Club
11 Kardomah Cafe, Sydney
12,13 Mansfield Tavern, Brisbane
14,15 Playroom, Gold Coast
16 Penrith Outdoor Concert
18 Newcastle Workers Club
19 The Venue Dee Why Hotel
20 Sydney Cove Tavern
23 The Excelsior Hotel, Melb
25 & 26 Adelaide t.b.a.
27,28 Red Parrot, Perth
29 Shenton Park Hotel, Perth
STONEHENGE
Nov 20 Bridgeway Htl, SA
21 Governor Hindmarsh Htl
22 Souths Football Club, Mt Gambier
23 Nunnawading Skate Ranch, Melb
24 Jophn McArthur Htl, Wagga Wagga
27 St James Tav, Syd
28 Patches
29 Hills Inn
30 Leumeah Inn

NSW

ACROSS TIME
9 Moby Dicks
AMAZING WOOLLOOMOOLOSERS
5 Lansdowne Htl
THE ANGELS
6 Pt Macquarie RSL
7 Sth Grafton Ex Services Club
8 Lismore RSL
AZGARD
8 Royal Htl, Sutherland
BABY LOVES TO CHA CHA
5,12 North Wollongong Htl
6,13 Lansdowne Htl, Broadway
8 Kurringah College
9,16 Unity Hall Htl
14 Leonards Tav
19 North Wollongong Htl
BAMBOO CURTAIN
6 Unity Hall Htl, Balmain
14 Sefton Htl
JOHN BARLOW
7 Fortuna Palace
8 Dubbo RSL Club
14 Queens Htl
BAXTERS
14 Evening Star Htl
BEATNIX
8 Sheiks
9 Caringbah Inn
12 Wauchope Htl
13 Grafton District Services
BB STRUTT
7 Patches
8 Nth Wollongong Htl
BEE GIRLS
7 Royal Htl, Sutherland
9 Sandringham Htl (arvo)
BE KIND TO BEAVER
13 Evening Star Htl
BENGHAZIES
7 Whithouse Inn
BIG BANG THEORY
7 Richmond Inn
8 Harbord Beach
9 Grand Htl, Wyong
BIG DEAL
6 Shanney's, Hurstville
7 Auburn RSL Club
8 Illawarra Leagues Club
14 Collegians Football Club
15 Connection
BLACK GHOSTS
14 Mortdale Htl
BOBBY SOX
13 Jensons, Avalon
BODY CORE
9 Newtown Htl
DAVID BOND
7 St George Sailing Club
8 Illawra Leagues Club
9 Whitehouse Inn
14 St George Sailing Club
15 Vicar Of Wakefield Htl
16 Keigherys Htl
BOP TILL YOU DROP
8,15 Unity Hall Htl
KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
7 Cabbage Tree Htl
BOZO BOYS
6 Plumpton Inn, Plumpton
7 Grand Hotel, Wollongong
8 Simone's, Blacktown
MICK BUCKLEY'S BIG HEAT
14 Auburn RSL Club
15 Campbelltown RSL
BURNING AIRLINES
14 Royal Antler Htl
CAMRAS IN PARIS
5 Harold Park Htl
9 Rockabilies, Bondi Beach
15 Kardomah Cafe
CARBON COPY
7 Jolly Roger Niteclub
14 Hornsby Rugby Club
THE CHALLENGE
6 Feathers
7 Didi's
14 Stallions, P'Matta
CHASIN' THE TRAIN
5 Dee Why Htl
CHOIRBOYS
7 Bondi Tram
8 Patchez
9 Leumeah Inn
13 Orana Htl
14 Sefton Htl
15 Campbelltown RSL
CLEARENCE CREEDWATER
7 Hornsby RSL
CLICHE
6 Nth W'Gong Htl
7 St Marys Band Club
8 Dapto Lgs
14 Canberra Labour Club
15 Rebels Motor Cycle Club
16 Blue Boar Inn, Bowral
19 Connections
CLICK TRACK
6,13 Incognito
12,19 Manly Htl
THE COCKROACHES
13 N'Castle Workers
14 Central Coast Leagues
15 Shellharbour Workers
16 Cook Park Penrith
18 Tracks
COMIC BOOK HEROES
8 Bondi Tram
COSMIC PSYCHOS
14 Mortdale Htl
CRASH POLITICS
6 Mortdale Htl
CRAVEN FOPS
6 Piccadilly Htl
7 Sandringham Htl
15 Uptown, N'Castle
THE CROCDILES
14 Mosman Htl
CLOWN & ANCHOR
6 Crescent Tavern
7 Sylvannia Htl
8 Mona Vale Htl
9 Harbord Beach Htl
10 Hilton Htl
12 Floyds, Northbridge
13 Crescent Tav
14 Sylvannia Htl
15 Hotel Bondi
CRYPTICS
5,12 Pennant Hills Inn
6 West Ryde Htl
7 Illawarra Lgs Club
9 Richmond Inn
13 Scandels, Campbelltown
CRYSTAL SET
7 Harold Park Htl
15 Lansdowne Htl
17 Tivoli
CUSTOM LINE
6 Brookvale Htl
DANGEROUS RHYTHM
8 St George Rower's Club
DANGLIN BROS
13 Mortdale Htl
DAYTIME ACTORS
8 Caringbah Inn
D.D. SMASH
12,19 Manly Htl
13 Caringbah Inn
14 Station St
15 Shellharbour Workers
DEAD BEFORE BREAKFAST
12 Evening Star Htl
DEAR ENEMY
18 Stallions, P'Matta
19 Kardomah Cafe
DEARLY BELOVED
6 Hornsby Inn
7 Royal Antler Htl
THE DEFENDERS
8 Brookvale Htl
8 Hornsby Htl
13 El Rancho Htl
DEJA VU
7 Billabong Htl, Merrylands
8 Hotel Bondi, lounge bar, Bondi
9 Bateau Bay Htl, Bateau Bay
DELLTONES
12 Goucester Soldiers Club
13 Taree RSL
14 Foster Tuncury Memorial Services
19 Muswellbrook RSL
DELTOIDS
6 Cambridge Tav, Fairfield
8 Thirroul Htl, Thirroul
DEMOZONE
12 Sydney Cove Tav
19 Sydney Cove Tav
DER STRAZA
7 Selinas
8 Patchez
13 Caringbah Inn
14 Station St
THE DIGIT
7 Alberts Tav
11 Caringbah Inn
14 Albert's Tav
DONT PANIC
7 Harbord Beach Htl
8 Metropolitan Htl
13 Seabreeze Htl
15 Metropolitan Htl
DO RE MI
5 Sweethearts
6 N'Castle Workers
7,8 Syd Cove Tav
9 Avalon RSL
THE MAL EASTICK BAND
6 Banjos
7 St Leonards Tav
8 Palais, N'Castle
9 Leumeah Inn
16 The Grand Pacific Htl
19 Coffs Harbour Ex Services
EASY MONEY
8 Hills Inn, Seven Hills
MARK EDWARDS
6 Caringbah Inn
7 Fairfield RSL
8 Shellharbour Workers Club
EGA NINJAS
7 Lucys Tav
14 St George Rowers
ESCAPE
15 Hills Inn
23 Henry Lawson House
28 Patches
EUROGLIDERS/ WA WA NEE "BIG TOP"
5 Albury Racecourse
6 Aust Rules Club Oval
7 National Exhib Showground, ACT
8 Shellharbour Workers
9 Centennial Park
11 Taree RSL Club
12 West Tamworth Lgs Oval
13 Armidale Uni
18 Coffs Harbour Showground
19 N'Castle Intl. Sports Ground
EXIT LAUGHING
7 Evening Star Htl
8 Kauri Htl, Glebe
14 Orange Grove Htl, Leichardt
JOHN FARNHAM
18 Stallions, H'Ville
19 Tivoli
FAT TIME
6 Manly Htl
7 Moby Dicks
8 Piccadilly Htl
9 Kincumber Htl
THE FISHERMEN
7 Mosman Htl
FOREIGN BODY
14 Sylvania Htl
FUN IN ACAPULCO
7 Manly Htl
15 Sheilas
19 Pennant Hills Htl
GEISHA
11 N'Castle Civic Theatre
12 Didi's
13 Ingleburn RSL
14 Billboard
15 Swansea Workers
16 Caringbah Inn (early)
Kardomah Cafe (late)
18 Fannys Tav
THE GETAWAY PLANE
6 Evening Star Htl
GLASS
5 Evening Star Htl
GLASS WORK
16 Cook Park, Penrith
GOING PUBLIC
14 Percussions
GONDWANALAND
6 N'Castle Workers
9 Balmain Rozelle RSL
12 Tiffanys
13 St James Tav
14 Rose Shamrock & Thistle
GOODBYE MONDAY
7 Evening Star Htl
GRAVITY PIRATES
15 Evening Star Htl
STEVE GRIEVE & THE MOURNERS
10 Canberra Workers
HAPPY HATE ME NOTS
7 Sylvania Htl
THE HARD ONS
7 Uptown Circus
8 Mortdale Htl
15 Seven Hills Inn
HEAD FIRST
7 St. George Budapest Soccer Club, Mortdale
15 Hotel Manly, Manly
HEADS TOGETHER
7 Berkeley Htl
9 Rose Hill Htl
13 Floyds, Northbridge
14 Richmond Inn
16 Harbord Beach Htl
THE HELLMEN
9 Royal Sutherland
12 Mosman Hotel
STEVEN HERRICK
15 Evening Star Hotel
HEY NO YEAH
12 Syd Cove Tav
THE HIPPOS
7,14 Rose Of Aust Hotel
8,15 Cat & Fiddle
9,16 William Wallace Hotel
12, 19 Drummoyne Rowing Club
HIP SURGERY
12 Syd Cove Tav
HIT AFTER HIT
6 Stallions, Parramatta
7 Union Hotel
8 Connections
12 Sheila's
13 Shanney's
14 Picton Ent. Centre
15 Lithgow Workers Club
HUMMINGBIRDS
14 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
ICEHOUSE
Royals F.C, Canberra
14 Shellharbour Workers Club
16 Cook Parth, Penrith
IDLE CLERX
9 Vulcan Hotel
15 Bigge park, Liverpool (early)
Sandringham Hotel (late)
ITCHY RAT
7 Revesby Workers
14 Patchez
THE JOHNNYS
15 Syd Cove Tav
JUMP INCORPORATED:
6 Caringbah Inn
12 St George Sailing Club
13 Sweethearts
14 Dee Why Hotel
15 Bankstown RSL
16 Cook Park Penrith
19 Connections
JUMP INCORPORATED
6 Caringbah Inn
7 Shellharbour Workers
8 Beresfield Bowling Club
12 Connections
13 Billboard, ACT
14 Hills Inn -
15 Kardomah Cafe
WAYNE JURY & THE DESIRABLES:
7 El Rancho Hotel
PAUL KELLY & THE COLOURED GIRLS
13 Manly Hotel
14 Shellharbour Workers
15 Selinas
16 Flashez
JOHN KENNEDYS LOVE GONE WRONG
13 Mortdale Hotel
14 Kardomah Cafe
THE KENTS
8 Evening Star Hotel
KINGS OF THE SUN
12 St George Sailing Club
13 Sweethearts
14 Dee Why Hotel
15 Bankstown RSL
16 Cook Park Penrith
19 Connections
KIZUM
12 Kardomah Cafe
16 Caringbah Inn
19 Singleton Rugby Club
KOMNINOS SERVOS
15 Evening Star Hotel
KOMODO
8 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
ROBBIE KRUPSKI & HOT CARGO
13 Tracks
14 Banjos
15 Palais Royal, N'Castle
ED KUEPPER & THE YARD GOES ON FOR EVER
13 Bankstown Sports
14 Sydney Theatre Union
LABRADOGS
15 Mosman Hotel
LAUGH IN THE DARK
7 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
THE LAW
13 Piccadilly Hotel
14 Petersham Inn
15 Mortdale Hotel
16 Hopetoun Hotel
LAYABOUTS
8 Percussions
12,19 Cat & Fiddle
DI LEVY & THE LEVITATIONS
9 Avalon RSL
THE LIVING END
14 Mosman Hotel
LOOKS COULD KILL
12 Kardomah Cafe
LOVE & SQUALOR
7 Mosman Hotel
THE MAD DOGS
9 Royal Hotel Sutherland
MAGENTA
14 Evening Star Hotel
MASK
6 St James Tav
MASSAPPEAL
9 Sutherland Royal Hotel
12 Mosman Hotel
14 Mortdale Hotel
McCORMACK BROS:
12 El Ranch Hotel
THE MENACES
9 Royal Antler Hotel
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
13 N'Castle Workers
14 Central Coast Leagues
15 Shellharbour Workers
16 Cook park, Penrith
METHODS OF DANCE
7 Stallions, Hurstville
14 Illawarra Leagues Club, Wollongong
15 Huskisson RSL Club, Huskisson
MIDNIGHT DIAMOND
8 Whitehouse Inn
MIDNIGHT OIL
6,13 Bankstown Sports Club
7,14 Cronulla — Sutherland Lgs
8,15 Selinas
11,18 Dee Why Hotel
12,19 Tiffanys, Blacktown
MISTER SISTER
6 Chester Hill Hotel
7,14 Hilton Hotel
8 Banjo's
9 North Wollongong Hotel
11 Sheila's
13 Feathers
15 St George Rowers, Arncliffe
J.J. MULLARD:
6, 13 Station St.
MUSTARD CLUB
11 Kardomah Cafe
13 Newcastle Workers
15 Hakoa Club
16 Flashez
NAUGHTY RHYTHMS
13 Mitchell College
14 Central Coast Leagues
NO WORRIES
6 Overlander Hotel, Penrith
7 Vicar of Walefield,
14 Tourmaline Hotel, Vineyard
16 Highwaymans Hotel, Hornsby
OCEAN BY OCEAN
7,14 Woollahra Hotel
OOH AAH
6 N'Castle Workers
PANAMA
15 Corrimal Lgs Club
PAPER DOLLS
7,14 Pips International, Wollongong
8 Stallions, Parramatta
PARKIN ZONE:
14 El Rancho Hotel
15 Brookvale Hotel
PARTY BOYS
14 Mittagong RSL
15 Corrimal Lgs Club
16 Cook Park, Penrith
PARTY GIRLS:
8 Caringbah Inn
PASS THE BUCK
6 Floyds, Northbridge
7 Hotel Bondi, lounge bar, Bondi
14 Billabong Hotel, Merrylands
15 Sylvania Hotel, lounge bar
THE PERSUADERS
14 Caringbah Inn
PERU
13 Union Hotel
15 Didi's
NIKI PHILLIPS
5 Stallions, Parramatta
6 Bondi Tram
7 Station St
9 Caringbah Inn
PINKSLIPS
14 Sydney Theatre Union
17 Kardomah Cafe
PORCELAIN BUS
13 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
THE POUND
13 Highwaymens, Hotel
14 Pennant Hills Hotel
THE PRANKSTERS
7 Mortdale Hotel
PSEUDO ECHO
11 N'Castle Civic Theatre
12 St George Sailing Club
13 Sweethearts
14 Dee Why Hotel
15 Bankstown RSL
16 Cook Park, Penrith
18 Royals F.C.
THE PUMP:
13 Hotel Bondi
PUPILS OF LOVE
14 Evening Star Hotel
RAGADOLL
5 Evening Star Hotel
RASCALS
14 Brookvale Hotel
15 El Rancho Hotel
RAT CAT
12 Mosman Hotel
RAY & THE ROCKERS
9 Hotel Bondi
13 Brookvale Hotel
READY, STEADY, GO!
6 Scandals
7 Jewells Town Tavern
8 Singleton Rugby Club
9 North Cronulla Hotel
13 Didi's Brookvale
15 Stallions Hurstville
16 North Cronulla Hotel
RED GIANT
12 Sweethearts
REDGUM
9 Balmain Rozelle RSL
THE REELS
11 Stallions, H'Ville
15 The Domain
16 Flashez
ROCKS
8 Mortdale Hotel
ROLLING CLONES
13 Connections
14 Syd Cove Tav
15 Banjo's
R.V. & THE WALLBANGERS
6 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
SAMMY & THE STRANGLERS
8,15 Royal Antler Hotel
THE SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
19 The Venue
SCRIBBLE
7 Piccadilly Hotel
SECRET LIVES
7 Hills Inn
13 Handlebar Hotel, Griffith
14 Hydro Tavern, Leeton
15 Cococabana, Wagga
SECTION ONE
6 El Rancho Hotel
SEPARATE TABLES
6 Didi's Brookvale
8 Station St. Penrith
10 Kardomah Cafe Kings Cross
7 Landsdowne Hotel
THE 69-ERS
6,10 Bull & Bush Hotel
7 Sheilas
8 Didi's
10 Hornsby Inn
14 Grand Hotel, Wollongong
15 Bondi Tram
SKELETONES
8 Evening Star Hotel
THE SKOLARS
5 Mitchell College, Bathurst
6 Mosman Hotel (early)
7 Mortdale Hotel
8 Trade Union Club
14 Evening Star Hotel
20 Rest Hotel
21 Hopetoun Hotel
SMART ARTISTS:
5 El Rancho Hotel
12 Tracks
SNAKE
6 St James Tav
SOUTHERLY BUSTER & THE FABULOUS BUSTETTES
7 Penrith Lgs
13 Leumeah Inn
15 City Limits
THE SPARKLERS
13 Mitchell College
15 Syd Cove Tav
SPEAKEASY
5 West Ryde Hotel
6,13 Gresham Hotel, City
7 Hornsby Rugby Club
8 Sandpit Disco,
12,19 West Ryde Hotel
SPUNK BUBBLES
8 Mortdale Hotel
SPY V SPY
6 Flashez
7 Revesby Workers
8 Campbelltown RSL
9 Swansea Workers
12 Sweethearts
13 Tivoli
14 Patchez
15 Caringbah Inn
16 Avalon RSL
STOKER
6 St James Tav
19 Syd Cove Tav
STOP THE DROP
6 N'Castle Workers
STRAIGHT PEOPLE
13 Sheilas
14 Hornsby RSL
15 Tiffanys
16 Nth W'Gong Hotel
19 Stallions, P'Matta
THE SUNDOGS
6 Tivoli
8 Campbelltown RSL
15 Mosman Hotel
SWANEE
14 Sefton Hotel
SWEETS OF SIN
12 Syd. Cove Tav.
SWINGSHIFT
14 Promises
19 Sweethearts
TACTICS
14 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
TAILOR MADE
6 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
TANGO BRAVO
7 Shellharbour Workers
8 Beresfield Bowling Cl
19 Tivoli
TANGO BRAVO
15 kardomah Cafe
18 Stallions, H'Ville
TORRID ZONE
6,8,13,15 Hilton Hotel
7 Stallions, Parramatta
14 Stallions, Hurstville
TOUCAN TWIST
5 Syd Cove Tav
6 Mosman Hotel
THE TRIPPS
7 Mortdale Hotel
UNITED NOTIONS
8 Feathers
UPS & DOWNS
7,8 Syd Cove Tav
19 St George Sailing Club
V-CAPRI
6 Sheilas
7 Selinas
8 Billboard, Canberra
9 Tivoli
18 Kardomah Cafe
19 Connections
VEGIMITE REGGAE
5,19 Sheilas
VICIOUS KITES
6 Mortdale Hotel
8 Evening Star Hotel
VOODOO LUST
14 Petersham Inn
15 Mortdale Hotel
WANDERERS:
6 Hotel Bondi
8 Brookvale Hotel
19 El Rancho Hotel
WARUMPI BAND
6 Tivoli
7 Cronulla Sutherland Lgs
8 Selinas
9 Balmain Rozelle RS!
WEDDINGS PARTIES ANYTHING
11 Dee Why Hotel
12 Harold Park Hotel
13 Tivoli
14 Cronulla Leagues
15 Selinas
WE OF OZ
8 El Rancho
15 Shanney's
A.T. WELLS
5 Syd Cove Tav
6 Propaganda Club
WET TAXIS
6 Bankstown Sports Club
THE WIDOWED ISIS
15 Caringbah Inn
YOUNG HEARTS
8 Goulburn Workers Club
YOUR FANATICS
6 Bathurst Tav
7 Dubbo RSL
8 Orange Ex Services
12 Gunnedah High School
13 Armadale RSL
14 Sth Grafton Services
15 Mullumbimby Golf Club
16 Cabarita Hotel
ZARSOFF BROS
6 Viking Tav
7 Springwood Sports Club
8 Stags
15 Hawkesbury Sports Cl
BOOM CRASH OPERA
7,8,9 The Venue
STEVE BUUROWS
6 Khyats Piano Bar
TONY CATZ BAND
7 Shepparton Hotel
THE CHURCH
6 Village Green Hotel
7,8,9 The Venue
CLUB SKA
12 Grainstore Tav
14 Music Station
15 Armadale Hotel
CRUMMY COWBOYS
8 Inkerman Hotel
STEVEN CUMMINS
7,14 Middle Park Hotel
DEAR ENEMY
9 Coach & Horses Hotel
DOUBLE FANTASY
8 Khyats Piano Bar
JOHN FARNHAM
6 Cramers
8 Village Green Hotel
9 Goulburn Valley Hotel
THE FLIES
13 Prince Of Wales
14 Central Club
15 Perserverance Hotel
Tote (late)
FLOTSAM JETSAM
12 The Venue
JAMES GRIFFIN & THE SUBTERRANEANS
7,8,9 The Venue
GYPSIES
7 Hampton Hotel
8 Anglesea Hotel
HEP CATS
7 Armadale Hotel
JON HOLLAND
7 Khyats Piano Bar
STEVE HOY
8 Middle Park Hotel
ICEHOUSE
7,8,9 The Venue
INCREDIBLE PENGUINS
12 The Palace
JOHN JUSTIN & THE THUNDERWINGS
7 Eureka Hotel
8 Westside
SHAUN LEAHY
7,8 Star Hotel, Sth Melb (late)
LOONEE TUNES
7 Armadale Hotel
LONELY BOYS
9 Barwon Heads Hotel (arvo)
MATRIX CLUB
6 Village Green Hotel
TALL McKAY SOUND
7,8 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
NO NONSENSE
6 Barwon Club Hotel
7 Ballarat Civic Hall
8 Armade Hotel
THE ONES
6 Duke Of Edinburgh Hotel
SCAT
6 Star Hotel
8 Bensons Tav, R'Mond
STATION TO STATION
8 Corner Hotel, R'Mond
TRILOBITES
7 Barwin Hotel, Geelong
8 Central Club Hill, R'Mond
9 The Tote
10 Inflation
VACATION IN HARLEM
6,13 Middle Park Hotel
VENETTA'S TAXI
8 Middle Park Hotel
QLD
THE ANGELS
12,13 Mansfield Tav
14,15 Playroom
16 Caloundra Civic Cent.
BEATNIX
16 Albert Park Amphitheatre,
THE CHURCH
13 Stewarts Alexandra Hotel
14 Mansfield Tav
15 Bombay Rock
16 Jet Club
THE COCKROACHES
6 Mansfield Tav
7 Bombay Rock
8 The Roxy
MAL EASTICK BAND
12 Bombay Rock
14,16 The Patch
16 Grand Pacific Hotel
EUROGLIDERS
WA WA NEE "BIG TOP"
14 Queens Park, T'womba
15 Sleeman Stadium, Bris.
16 Seaworld
THE SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
13 Stewarts Alexandra Hotel
14 Mansfield Tav
15 Bombay Rock
16 Jet Club
SA
THE CHURCH
10 Thebarton Theatre
THE FLIES
6 Royal Admiral Hotel
7 Austral Hotel
8 Tivoli
9 Limbos
ICEHOUSE
11 Thebarton Theatre
SCRIBBLE
11 Thebarton Theatre
13,14 Le Rox
15 Findon Hotel
TRILOBITES
14,15 Tivoli, Adelaide
W.A.
GREENHOUSE EFFECT
6 Victoria Hotel
14 The Generator
LORD N GENERAL
8 Red Parrot
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
8 Millers Well Oval
PASSIONFRUIT CLUB
6 Victoria Hotel
SWAMP MONSTERS
7 Red Park .
9,16 The Cavern
10 The Herdsmen
14 The Generator

THE AGENCY
CORDON BLEU
— Representing Venues, Bands & Artists —

- *BONDI TRAM*
- *BROOKVALE HOTEL*
- *CARINGBAH INN*
- *DIDI'S*
- *EL RANCHO HOTEL*
- *FLASHEZ*
- *HORNSBY INN*
- *N.S.W. LEAGUES CLUB*
- *STATION ST.*
- *UNITY HALL HOTEL*
- *WHITEHOUSE INN*
- *ALBERT'S TAVERN*
- *BANGOR TAVERN*
- *BRUMBY'S BAR*
- *FLOYDS*
- *GYMEA HOTEL*
- *HARBORD BEACH HOTEL*
- *HEIDI'S HIDEAWAY*
- *HOTEL BONDI*
- *KEIGHERY'S HOTEL*
- *METROPOLITAN HOTEL*
- *RICHMOND INN*

Phone Jim Towers, Kerry Roberts & Jon Ashcroft. on

SYDNEY
(02) 660 6633
— 12 lines —
P..O. Box 53, Glebe, N.S.W. 2037

THE EVENING STAR
HOTEL
370 Elizabeth Street, Surry Hills

WED 5	**RAGADOLL/GLASS (9-12pm)**
THU 6	**THE GETAWAY PLANE (9-12pm)**
FRI 7	**GOODBYE BLUE MONDAY/ EXIT LAUGHING/PUPILS OF LOVE (10pm-2am)**
SAT 8	**VICIOUS KITES/THE KENTS/SKELETONES (QLD) (10pm-2am)**
WED 12	**DEAD BEFORE BREAKFAST/SUPPORT TBA (9-12pm)**
THU 13	**PUPILS OF LOVE/BE KIND TO BEAVER (9-12pm)**
FRI 14	**THE SKOLARS/BAXTERS/ MAGENTA (10pm-2am)**
SAT 15	**GRAVITY PIRATES/STEVEN HERRICK/KOMNINOS SERVOS**

KARDOMAH CAFE
22 BAYSWATER RD. KINGS CROSS 358 5228

KARDOMAH CAFE
22 BAYSWATER RD. KINGS CROSS 358 5228

FOR THE BEST IN FOOD AND MUSIC • NO COVER CHARGE FOR DINERS

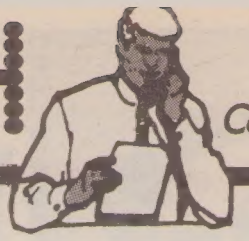
WED 5	**V-CAPRI/TANGO BRAVO**	**WED 12**	**LOOKS COULD KILL**
THU 6	**CLUB SKA (RECORD LAUNCH)/AVENGERS**	**THU 13**	**THE DEADLY HUME**
FRI 7	**REELS BY REQUEST '86/RAPTURE**	**FRI 14**	**JOHN KENNEDY'S LOVE GONE WRONG/ THE EWINGS**
SAT 8	**REELS BY REQUEST '86/RAPTURE**	**SAT 15**	**JUMP INCORPORATED/ TANGO BRAVO**
SUN 9	**MILKY BAR KIDS/ PURPLE HEARTS**	**SUN 16**	**GEISHA/CAMRAS IN PARIS**
MON 10	**SEPARATE TABLES/ SUPPORT TBA**	**MON 17**	**PINK SLIPS (SINGLE LAUNCH)/SUPPORT TBA**
TUE 11	**SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS/MUSTARD CLUB**	**TUE 18**	**V/CAPRI/SUPPORT TBA**
		WED 19	**DEAR ENEMY**

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

UPS & DOWNS
CRYSTAL SET
SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
CLUB SKA
DD SMASH
BIG PIG

Choose from the a la carte menu available from 7:30 to 3a.m a 3 course meal & house wine for $12 FULLY LICENSED

L.A. DESPATCH



Cary Darling

SMART CINEMA, REGRESSIVE RADIO

IT'S a warm October evening, Reagan's just given Gorbachev a great big nuclear kiss-off, and the radio's tuned to 97.1 — KLSX-FM, LA's newest radio station. Formerly a 'beautiful music' station, this outlet has changed its call letters to KLSX (pronounced "classics") to coincide with its shift to playing "classic rock" from the 1960s and 1970s. **Peter Frampton, Derek & the Dominoes, Santana, Neil Young, Janis Joplin, Pink Floyd, Bob Seger, Joe Cocker,** the **Rolling Stones** — they fall from the speakers like old scabs.

If KLSX were the only one of its kind, it might be an interesting novelty. But "classic rock" programming is the latest national radio craze. The reasoning goes that most listeners think today's music is inferior to that of the past, and that what people want most is familiarity. Album-oriented stations KMET-FM and KLOS-FM in Los Angeles have long been mixing in vintage rock by the truckload into their AOR mix. KRTH-FM, the station which pioneered the 1950s and 1960s Top 40 oldies format back in the 1970s before abandoning it for a general Top 40/Contemporary Hits format, has returned to its all-oldies format. Black station KGFJ-AM,a mainstay in LA black radio for three decades, has opted for "Motown And More" — a programming philosophy which favours r'n'b oldies from the last three decades.

And now KROQ, once one of the most innovative stations in the market, has now instituted a "classic KROQ" format. Up to half of its playlist now consists of tracks from KROQ's 'golden era' (1979-84). So, it's possible to hear the **Cure's** *Boys Don't Cry* or the **Thompson Twins'** *In The Name Of Love* several times a day.

The only adventurous deviations are the success stories of urban contemporary/dance (KPWR-FM) and all-metal KNAC ("pure rock" is its slogan). KPWR zoomed from the bottom of the ratings pit (when the station was adult contemporary/CHR-KMGG) to the top after going urban, while KNAC is posting its highest ratings ever after switching from an intelligent new music format to metal. Another winning format is "Quiet Storm", an adult contemporary style with an r'n'b slant. Even though these stations deserve accolades for playing acts which found difficulty getting airplay before, all operate within strict parameters.

The headlong rush to sonic conservatism has record companies crying foul because they say the current retro revival hurts new artists — though how much record companies really care about breaking new music is up to debate. One beacon is that MTV has said it will become more adventurous in its programming now that head honcho **Robert Pittman** has left the channel. (One *bad* sign is that, rumour has it, MTV is extending its exclusive contracts with record companies so that the channel has the exclusive rights to air certain videos for up to *six* months.) [*Let's hope no-one from* Countdown *is reading this — Ed.*]

But even if MTV does break the Big Chill mould, this new conservative trend is vexing. Not only are deserving new acts being squeezed out, but it turns a relatively young listening audience into nostalgia-soaked yuppies before its time.

LOS ANGELES' Street Scene, a recent two-day festival held on the streets of downtown LA, was marred by outbursts of violence — including one murder. Though bands like **UB40** and **Animotion** played to peaceful audiences during the afternoons, things got uglier at night.

When the crowd realised that the **Ramones** were not going to appear as advertised (the band never agreed to play; the Street Scene people blamed the whole thing on a mix-up), they began throwing rocks and bottles at the stage and police. Punk rockers got blamed for the violence, though in this one instance, the Street Scene organisers were at least partially at fault. **Run-D.M.C.** were contacted about appearing, but in light of the violence which disrupted the band's Long Beach appearance, the Mayor's office refused to let them play. Now, it looks like Street Scene may be a thing of the past anyway.

AFTER years of obscurity, **Metallica** finally cracked through this year with *Master Of Puppets*, an LP some consider a speed metal classic. But the San Francisco quartet met up with tragedy in Europe, where bassist **Cliff Burton** was killed after the group's tour bus slipped off an icy road en route to Copenhagen. The band had just finished a gig in Stockholm, and Burton was sleeping in an upper bunk next to a window when the accident occurred.

Speaking of speed metal, CBS Records was so disgusted with the new LP by LA's **Slayer** that the mega-corporation refused to release it. Producer **Rick** "You Can't Do This To Me, I Co-produced Run-D.M.C." **Rubin** was so miffed that he took the album to Geffen, who are releasing it shortly. But CBS, who distribute Rick's Def Jam label, aren't the only ones he's gotten steamed lately. He wanted the **Beastie Boys,** the "First Caucasians of Rap", to do a version of the **Beatles'** *I'm Down* on their new LP. But **Michael Jackson,** who now owns the Beatles' publishing rights, wouldn't allow them to do it.

THERE are several new local releases of note. **Fishbone**'s first full album, *In Your Face*, finds the band still crazy after all these months but working in a slightly more commercial vein. In fact, because producer **David Kahne** was able to instill *some* discipline this time around, *In Your Face* is actually stronger than the band's maniacal debut EP... Until the **Untouchables**' new LP is ready early next year, UT fans are going to have to be happy with *Dance Party*, a set of remixes and live versions of fave tracks. My personal favourite is **Was (Not Was)**'s remix of *Freak In The Street*... Ventura, California, half-way between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, isn't much known for its music — but with the release of **Durango 95**'s *Dreams And Trains*, maybe that will change. This quartet plays feisty, country-flavoured power pop: think of a cross between **Rank & File** and the **Raspberries**. Their EP is out through Stonegarden (12436 Marva Avenue, Granada Hills, CA 91344)...

One of the best r'n'b/dance records of the year is by LA's own **Krystol**, a female three-piece who make spirited dance music that would appeal to anyone who thinks **Janet Jackson** is music's salvation. Their *Passion From A Woman* single and LP is out through Columbia... Look for the debut LP by **Firehose**, the band featuring two ex-Minutemen, by the end of the year through SST in America... **Peter Mclan** (remember him? He produced a couple of minor albums called *Business As Usual* and *Cargo*) is now in an LA-based band called the **City.** Their debut LP is out through Chrysalis... And one of the best funk LPs of the year is **General Kane**'s *In Full Chill* (Motown), which includes the anti-crack anthem, *Crack Killed Applejack*.

AFTER a spate of dreadful films which melded film and music into a disgustingly unholy union (*Visionquest, Out Of Bounds*), a clutch of movies have been released which treat each medium with respect.

Alex Cox's *Sid And Nancy* (formerly *Love Kills*), **Bertrand Tavernier**'s *Round Midnight* and **Jim Jarmusch**'s *Down By Law*, starring **Tom Waits** and the Lounge Lizards' **John Lurie**, provoke different emotions but each has a spare, stripped-down quality which goes against the grain of the now familiar splashy, MTV-styled rock musical. If these films make money, maybe they will be seen as a watershed and turning point for popular music in film.

Sid And Nancy documents the decline and fall of **Sid Vicious** and **Nancy Spungen.** It could be wondered why Alex (*Repo Man*) Cox would want to make a film about Sid and Nancy; their lives are complete black holes, while those around them (**John Lydon, Malcolm McLaren** etc.) are much more interesting characters. But, as it is, *Sid And Nancy* is a horrifying look at two people on a death mission. More disturbing than the actual shots of shooting up is the feeling that mainstream America is going to think this was what punk was all about. All that misdirected rage and anger for the right to die in a cheap hotel with a needle stuck in your arm?

Round Midnight also deals with the decline of a musician, but in this case he's from the 1950s be-bop era. Based on the lives of **Lester Young** and **Bud Powell** and played by real life be-bop saxophonist **Dexter Gordon,** *Round Midnight* is a loving though ultimately harsh look at an era gone by when black musicians had to go to Paris to get any respect. **Herbie Hancock** and **Wayne Shorter** also have parts, and the soundtrack is being released through Columbia Records.

Down By Law isn't about music at all — even though Waits plays an itinerant disc jockey — but this tale of a jailbreak in the deep south has all the night-time edge and shadowy rhythms of the music of Waits and co-star Lurie. As in his previous film, *Strangers In Paradise*, Jim Jarmusch isn't worried about getting hit singles from a soundtrack or how it will play on MTV. These days, that in and of itself, is remarkable.

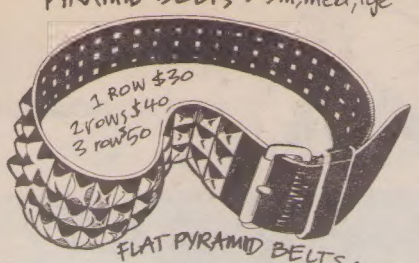
Fishbone

JUST when it looked like the Australian Invasion was long gone, along comes *Crocodile Dundee* to become a top-grossing film on US screens and **Hunters & Collectors**, who absolutely floored a packed Roxy show for the opening date of their American tour. IRS Records' **Miles Copeland** showed up and the LA *Times* raved, so maybe this means the label is going to pump some money into the band...

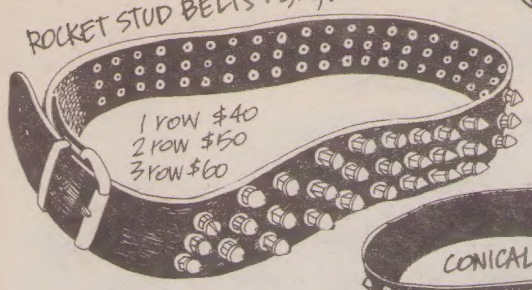
LET'S KISS
DON'T MISS THE 12" VERSION
MODELS' MEDIA OUT SOON

IMPACT IMPRINTS

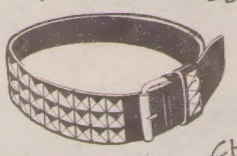
PYRAMID BELTS : sm, med, lge



ROCKET STUD BELTS : s, m, l



FLAT PYRAMID BELTS : s, m, l

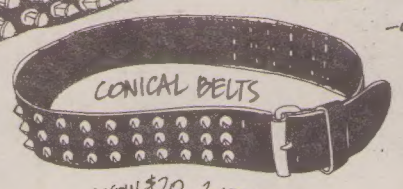


1 row $22
2 row $30
3 row $40

CHOKER
-one size fits all-

Conical studs
1 row $16
2 row 18
3 row 20

CONICAL BELTS

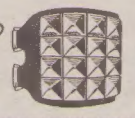


1 row $20 2 row $25
3 row $28

DIAMOND CONICAL BELT

2 row $22
3 row $25

PYRAMID WRIST BAND

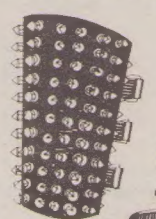


1 row $12 3 row $15
2 row $14 4 row $16
-One size fits all-

BULLET BELT
-one size-
$95

CONICAL WRIST BAND
1 row $7
2 row 9
3 row 10
4 row 11
11 row 30

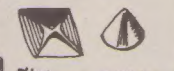
ROCKET STUD GLOVE
-One size-
$30



ROCKET STUD WRISTBAND
1 row $13
2 row 15
3 row 16
4 row 17
11 row $36

ZERO BOOTS
BLACK LEATHER & SUEDE
size 6-11
$175

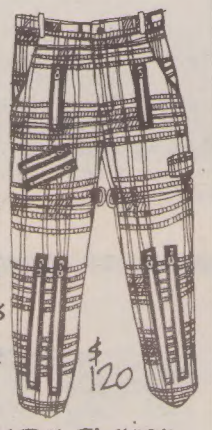
BOOT STRAPS
One size fits all
$28



PYRAMID $20

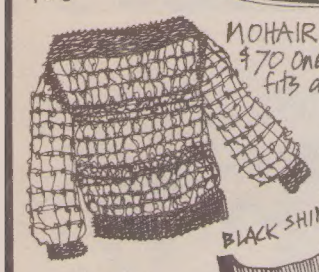
CONICAL $10

STUDS PER PKT. of 50



TARTAN BONDAGE TROUSERS w/zips, D-rings and dogclips sizes 28-34

$120



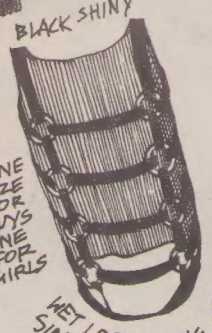
MOHAIR JUMPER
$70 One size fits all

ORIGINAL

HARRINGTON JACKET
TARTAN LINING
sizes M, L, XL . $120

BLACK SHINY

$70



BLACK SHINY

ONE SIZE FOR GUYS ONE FOR GIRLS

WET LOOK RING SINGLET $80

WET LOOK CHAIN SINGLET

WET LOOK SKELETON TOP
$99 black shiny-one size for guys + one for girls

All cotton striped jeans
black + white, or black + red
sizes 28-34
$95

ORDER FORM
Impact Imprints, PO BOX E394, St. James, Sydney, 2000

Please rush the following to:
Name _____ Address _____
_____ p/code _____

DESCRIPTION	SIZE	PRICE

Plus postage of $2 on orders of less than $20, or $3 on orders of $20 or more. We accept cheque, money order and all major credit cards.

CARD TYPE _____ EXP. DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

If you are a visitor or living in Sydney, please call at our shop to see our latest range of imported clothing, shoes, patches, badges, T-shirts etc.. For Heavy metal • punk • mod • new wave and much much more!!

Impact Imprints, Shop P.137, Centrepoint (Pitt St. Level) Sydney NSW 2000

WHOLESALE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

AS MOST OF OUR GOODS ARE IMPORTED PLEASE ALLOW 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY.

THE MUSTARD CLUB

(Pic: Tom Takacs)

Some Heat For The Feet

"All my life needed was a sense of somewhere to go. I don't believe one should devote one's time to morbid self-attention; I think you should become a person, like other people."

— Robert De Niro, in *Taxi Driver*.

GARY HOSIE is a passionate admirer of Robert De Niro and Michael Caine, and when he's not doing a credible impersonation of Alfie or the Raging Bull he can be found strutting his stuff — along with brother Donald — as one half of the Mustard Club vocal team.

Surfing into the world of music on the crest of the punk wave, Gary and Donald were prime movers in the Sydney mod scene of the early 80s with their band the Sets. But the mod connection has not made life easy for the Mustard Club...

"The sets were not 60s revivalists," says Gary. "We simply took the fashion and music of the mod era as a starting point; we weren't trying to recreate anything. I thought the clothes were great because you could wear them to a gig and then go and have a drink at the Hilton — you looked sharp enough to go anywhere."

These days the Hosie style, along with that of the rest of the Mustard Club, has matured from three-button mohair whistles into double-breasted suits, coupled with a powerful brand of r'n'b party music. But accusations of mere revivalism frustrate Hosie.

"I just read a review of the Stems which said there's no way that they should be called 60s revivalists. And look at them: so-called original songs which sound like any number of songs from 20 years ago, Vox amps, Rickenbacker guitars, psychedelic shirts and 60s haircuts... and they're not revivalists?

"A lot of the Mustard Club's influence has come from r'n'b acts of the 70s and 80s — 9 Below Zero (one of their songs, *Sugarbeat*, is covered on the B-side of the new Club single), the Inmates, Dr. Feelgood."

Not surprisingly, Hosie is something of a Who aficionado — but rather than the teen anthem period, he cites the post-*Tommy* era as his favourite. But whatever goes into the melting mustard pot, the band always aims for "a good time for the audience, even a little *fun*, perhaps". Ah yes, *fun* — that overused three-letter word, one which has tended to become something of a derogatory term in the never-ending search for passion and commitment. Hosie takes his cue...

"That's another thing that frustrates me. Bands that get described as 'fun' by the press are usually 60s covers bands, and bad ones at that. They're supposed to be fun because they don't care that they're bad. But I care. If I see a band and they're bad, I don't have fun, and I don't care if they do.

"It's always been important to me to put on the best show possible, and the Mustard Club are consistent in that — a consistency which comes from our enjoyment, rather than from the fact that we go through the motions perfect every time."

That enjoyment apparently stems from the fact that all band members have day jobs, with no intentions of giving them up. No gold dreams at the end of the rock'n'roll rainbow for these lads...

"Music is too much of a dodgy proposition as a career. I tried it full-time for two years, but now I'm working I enjoy the band a whole lot more. When we play, it's a night out we don't have to pay for. When we gig, we're in a similar position to the audience: it's a night away from the drudgery."

Surely this points to something of a lack of ambition or belief in the potential of the Mustard Club?

"It's a desire to hold on to reality. Let's face it, when you're 18 you have a different perspective on life, and as you get older you either continue to have those 18-year-olds' dreams or you get realistic and accept the fact that you're getting older."

Big Time Records have just released the fourth Mustard Club single. The title, *Steeltown Man*, may sound like a discarded Springsteen B-side, but in fact it's a tribute to Mr Hosie Snr. ("He's a real doer, and not only do I like him a lot, but I admire him as well," says Gary of his father.) It's a slice of goodtime, gutsy, modern r'n'b that treads similar territory to *The Rest Of My Life*, their second release, which one review described as "the best song Paul Weller never wrote". It certainly recaptures some of the life that was missing in their last effort, *Leave Before She Wakes*.

To mark the release of this new record, Hosie is keen to drum up a bit of extra business at the turnstiles. He points out — for all of you who haven't yet witnessed a recent Mustard Club appearance — that the band has really got things cooking in the last eight months...

"Before we had this lineup together, we were fishing around for a direction. There were three guys in the band who all wanted to be popstars, and every time they saw something becoming successful they'd say, 'I think we should be like that'.

"But they're gone and we've got a much more concentrated style now. With me and Donald up front singing, it gives us a unique look. We've got a combination of dramatics to emphasise songs and buffoonery to lighten things up a bit."

While Hosie is a staunch working class man with an eye for a political cause ("not a North Shore trendy, as I was once described"), he is not planning on bringing his political opinions into his music.

"I won't write about political matters because I haven't got all my thoughts into focus, and I won't do it just for the sake of it. But that's not to say I won't ever want to address the situation in South Africa, or whatever. You can't write songs about drinking and partying forever.

"That's one thing I really admire about Pete Townshend: he took a stand and decided he wasn't going to write any more teenage anthems because he was a 30-year-old man. *Who By Numbers* will be regarded as a great work in years to come, because it addresses the problems of ageing in the rock'n'roll business."

All this talk of getting older, realism and day jobs bringing you down? Can music change the world? Will Gary Hosie ever be too old to rock'n'roll?

"You can still be angry or ecstatic and love to dance, however old you are. As long as you don't lose that fire and enthusiasm you can play great rock'n'roll. No, music can't change the world, but for that hour when you're on the dancefloor, it makes you *think* it can."

The Mustard Club — too hot to handle? Or just a smear on the hot dog of life?

GRANT CALTON

(Pic: Francine McDougall)

Less is more, tight is loose, and sometimes it's the bits you leave out that sound the best: HAREM SCAREM may well be grounded in the blues, but it's the *feel* that counts — wherever it comes from. CLINTON WALKER takes a walk in the *Hard Rain* with the Marshall brothers...

SCREAMS FROM EMPTY SPACES

HAREM SCAREM supported Lonnie Mack when he was in Melbourne earlier this year as part of his Australian tour. It was the kind of gig they were chuffed enough just to get; but they were even more chuffed by the reaction of Lonnie and his band to their own set...

"This crazy drummer," Chris Marshall laughs at the recollection, "dancing away at the side of the stage, crying out for *Dogman!* It was great."

Lonnie Mack's the kind of guy who *would* appreciate a band like Harem Scarem. It was he, after all, who virtually invented lead guitar playing as it came to be known in the 60s in the hands of axemen like Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton — his 1963 recording of Chuck Berry's *Memphis*, an instrumental rework, was like a bridge between what had been and what would be...

So maybe Mack recognised in Harem Scarem the same sort of spirit that drove him in his pioneering days: an implicit link with the roots of music, the blues, pushed by an overriding determination to cut one's own swathe. To express oneself as honestly as possible by adapting ageless influences — and as if intuitively, this is crucial — to the current climate, to suit one's own intent.

With the single *Hard Rain* already high on alternative charts, Harem Scarem are now poised to release their debut album, *Pilgrim's Progress* — and as unfashionable as a new blues/rock hybrid might appear (at least when it's not the Wreckery), it proves this band to be an exciting new prospect NOW, not to mention more promising still...

Harem Scarem may be at once reminiscent of everything and nothing — their conception was/is an individual one, although it could be compared to the early Gun Club — but if you really wanna know, and you promise not to be put off by it, what they remind me of is a cross between the Stooges and Canned Heat. But all that becomes irrelevant in the face of their immediate, sheerly visceral impact.

Out of a rocky substrata, Harem Scarem's sound is a bumping, grinding, wailing blossom of thorny turquoise noise which wraps its tendrils around you and squeezes out every salty drop of involvement.

"That's why I can't stand bands who just do things to a formula," says Marshall, Harem Scarem's hulking young frontman whose high-pitched, bittersweet vocalese seems to defy his very bulk. "One band will be a 60s band, one band will be... I mean, it's just insidiously stupid. What's the point?"

Marshall and his older brother, guitarist Charles — who together mounted Harem Scarem in 1982 — are obviously enjoying the opportunity to take a break from the hectic schedule of a recent Sydney tour.

"All these bands," Chris continues, "just come up really fast, and then they just fizzle out." It's the articulate Marshall the Younger, by day an Arts student at Melbourne University, who does most of the talking; Charles utters nary a word all afternoon. "I mean, sometimes it makes me really depressed, because it's like people only latch onto things which are really obvious. That's why I think it takes people a bit of time to come to terms with us. I don't think we're obvious.

"Like the poster for this tour — it had all these skulls and stuff, and I mean, it couldn't be more wrong, couldn't be more wrong. It just makes me realise it's hard for people to latch onto what we're about... doing things like record covers, and a video. Having to start thinking about marketing a band like us. It's really hard. I mean, I'm the guy who writes the lyrics, so I should have some idea what it's about, but...

"I personally think, I don't want people to know too much. I don't like bands that are just, kind of, too forthright. You know —here's my guts spilled out, and that's all there is. I think that's too easy."

However hard it may be to get a handle on Harem Scarem's 'non-image', once within reach of their tendrils there's no escaping them. Live, they are an overwhelming experience, an all-consuming assault of untrammelled power, passion and abandon.

"When we started out," Chris recalls, "we thought we were the Stooges or something. But then we started getting wise to a few other things, and we sort of picked it up as we went."

Indeed, Charles Marshall had only been playing guitar six months when Harem Scarem were first formed. Their initial rehearsals consisted of "jamming on every possible Stooges song, plus *Sister Ray*", whilst early gigs were whatever sort of supports they could badger off bands like the Moodists.

After a layoff in 1983 during which the Marshall brothers holidayed in England — only to be duly unimpressed by all the 'guitar bands' they saw, and convinced they could do better — Harem Scarem returned to live performance in Melbourne freshly fired up. Among the punters they impressed were Hunters & Collectors, leading to some choice supports, and then Hunnas' bassist John Archer produced their debut mini-album, *Dogman*.

Upon its release early in 1985, *Dogman* made a memorable impact: certainly there was no-one else around anything like Harem Scarem. Although the band was still obviously in its nascent stages, *Dogman* established their metallic-bluesy bent — with its trademarks the evocative songwriting of Chris and Charles Marshall, the singing, the harp, the relentless dynamism. The seeds it planted which would soon sprout had been fertilised further by things Harem Scarem 'got wise to'...

"I just think... all the music we'd always listened to and liked anyway, has always had this link," says Chris. "Like the Stooges doing *Dirt*, say — basically it's a blues sort of song. So it was just trying to trace this feeling, or whatever it is, trace it back to the wellspring or whatever. First of all I went back to blues, then I started to realise that everything — like soul and funk and jazz — it's the same feeling. All good music has got it, and it's always the same thing.

"So you've got all these influences, but the actual product will be deductive as possible; because what you're getting back to is the source, and that's always the same thing. So you know, I'd like our music to get more and more — I can't think of the word for it — not 'primal', because that's stupid... just, actually, the more we've got to play with the less we're going to play, sort of thing."

Like Lonnie Mack said: "Sometimes the empty spaces sound best, you know?"

Having recorded *Dogman* with his throat in a severe state of deterioration, Chris Marshall had to have an operation on his tonsils — and so Harem Scarem were forced off the road again. By the time they returned in early 1985, in time to coincide with the release of *Dogman*, it was after an overhaul in personnel —while Chris Marshall was in his sickbed, Charles Marshall swapped his bass for Glen Sheldon's guitar, and vice versa; harpist 'Dirty' Kurt Lindtner and drummer Cliff Booth were replaced, respectively, by Chris Wilson (the Remarkable) and Peter Jones; and guitarist Barry Palmer was added. Both Palmer and Wilson were late of stalwart Melbourne r'n'b outfit the Soletwisters, while Peter Jones had formerly played with his namesake, jazzman Vince.

"The trouble with the old members," Chris Marshall cites, "was that they couldn't really see outside the straight blues idiom. And we weren't interested in doing that.

"The thing about musicians, it just gives us more freedom; people like Chris and Barry and Pete, they're very good players but they sort of have the maturity or something to interpret things. Now that we've got some kind of proficiency, what I want to do is not get tighter and tighter but looser and looser — just *freer*."

Judicious gigging throughout '85 and the early part of this year served the dual purpose of building greater interest in the band, plus allowing it to hone its sound — all in anticipation of eventually doing a debut album.

"Personally," commented Chris, "I think we're only a band now, properly."

And indeed, *Pilgrim's Progress* — produced, again, by John Archer — is the work of a more fully-developed outfit that *Dogman* was. Certainly the songs are better — more succinct, more purposeful and with more depth (as Charles Marshall said — one of the few things he said — "I only feel that I've been writing real songs since the last record, really understanding what it takes to write a song") — and they're of consistent quality throughout; and John Archer has succeeded in coherently capturing the band with its best foot forward. Harem Scarem are destined to make better records than this in the future, to be sure, but it's only a debut album after all — and Harem Scarem have never been a band to rush things.

The rough-edge and intensity of *Pilgrim's Progress* will almost certainly disqualify it from airplay on mainstream Australian radio, but the hope held by Bruce Milne — boss of Au-Go-Go Records, Harem Scarem's label — that this album and this band will be his biggest *export* since the Scientists is undoubtedly well-founded. Harem Scarem's time will come, in Australia as anywhere else — but only when *they're ready for it*.

"We formed Harem Scarem for fun, and I don't want it to stop being fun," says Chris Marshall. "I mean, it's only now that things are becoming sort of serious, but I don't want it to become too serious — because when you get too serious, you lose something.

"I just feel very glad and proud of the fact that we've got this far. I mean, I feel we've been able to consolidate on the idea Charles and I had. And even if we don't become successful with this record or whatever, I feel we haven't compromised what we originally wanted. We've just made it better. And that's really, I think, all you could hope for..."

It Ain't The Mix, It's The Way You Remix It

... That's what gets results. Ask LYNDEN BARBER, whose ears will never be the same after meeting up with ROBERT RACIC, the local DJ responsible for 12-inch remixes of recent INXS, Flotsam Jetsam and Severed Heads material.

ROBERT RACIC has just finished playing me a bunch of brain-scorching 12-inchers when he lets drop the best idea anyone has had in Sydney since they built the Opera House.

"I just think they should ship two million blacks from the US over here to put a bit more groove into the town."

What? You mean tons of handbag-clutchers and rednecks grooving the night away to Madonna and Pseudo Echo aren't good enough for you?

Life is tough being a DJ with a discriminating taste in black music in a town that thinks Hunter & Collectors make better dance music than Jimmy Jam & Terry Lewis. Apart from being one of Sin City's most adventurous club DJs, Racic is the man behind the brain-boggling 12-inch remixes served up as part of Severed Heads' *The Big Bigot* double-pack. And if there's a fault with the recent Heads' release, it's that Racic wasn't allowed to re-mix the whole lot. He's a man with a talent for trickery. You feel that for a small fee, he could rearrange your brain and put the lid back on again with no other tool than a mixing desk.

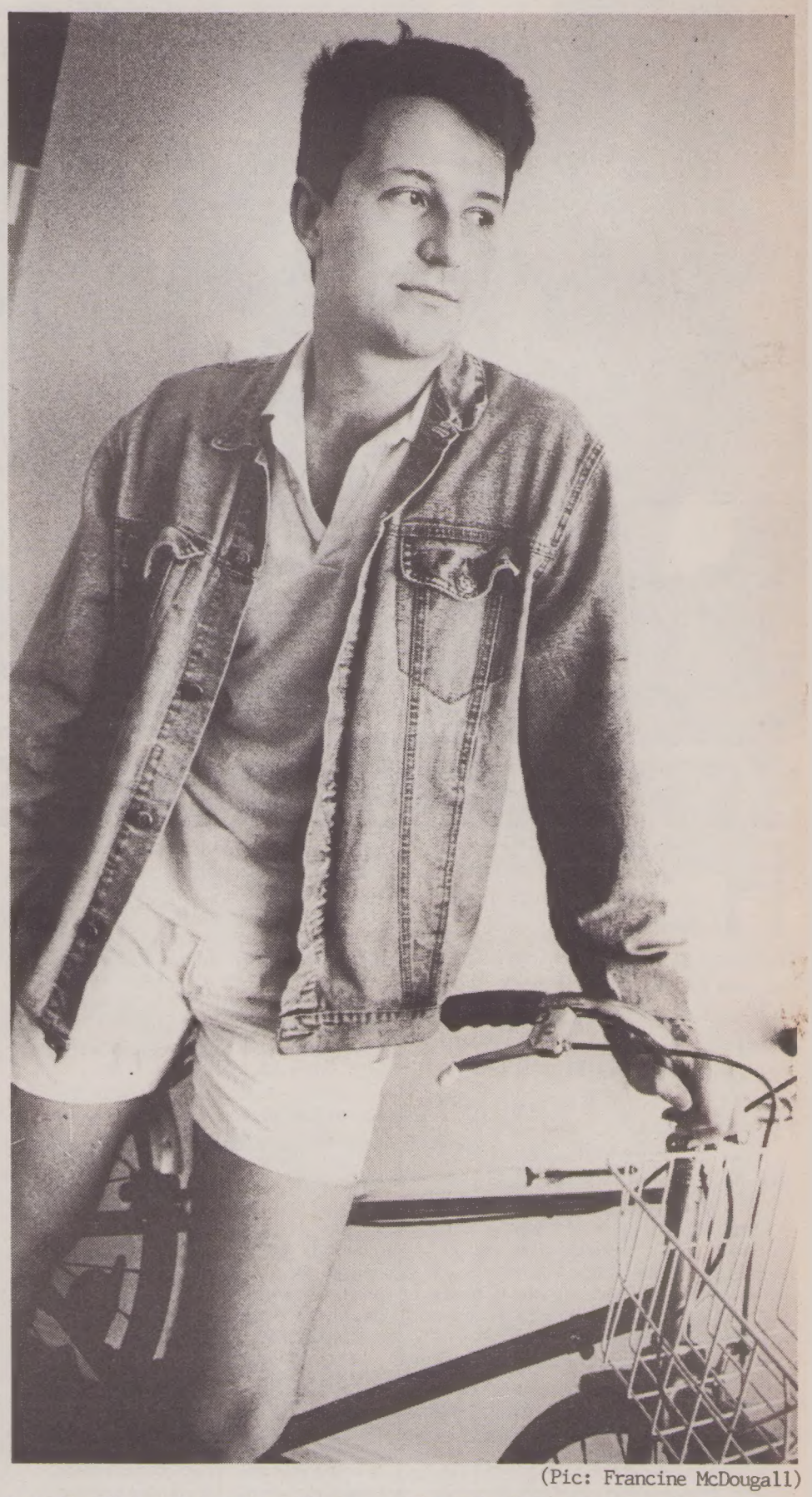
Major influences on the Racic muse include London studio wizard Adrian Sherwood and John Robie, sidekick of Arthur Baker. When Racic was in New York earlier this year, he received the greatest accolade of all when Baker offered him some editing work after hearing one of his demos.

So far Racic hasn't taken him up on the offer, for obvious logistical reasons. He lives in Australia, not New York. Consider that over here he frequently has to slot Top 40 dreck onto the dancefloor because of the lack of sophistication in the local club scene, and you being to wonder why he doesn't move overseas.

"I really like Sydney, it's a great place," comes the reply. "And I couldn't live in New York — I think the weather would kill me off to start off with. So I say, OK, I'm going to persevere with Sydney, and maybe it's going to take a couple of people to set precedents and just torture themselves for quite a while and set wheels in motion. I know there are a lot of people out there who want it. I want to change a lot of things here — I know it's very tedious, but I know that if I throw my hands up in the air, no-one else is going to do it."

Hmmm. I seem to have this conversation at least three times a week. Is there a problem with black music being undervalued in Australia? "Oh yeah, definitely — it really doesn't get touched. The only stuff that gets touched is by what I call black/white performers."

And you can bet Janet Jackson wouldn't get on *Countdown* if she wasn't Michael's sister. "Probably not. What I really enjoyed when I was over in the States was that I saw all these videos I didn't even know existed by black performers. I don't know why



(Pic: Francine McDougall)

Australian TV doesn't show them. I know they say there's no market for it, but why not try to make a market for it? There's thousands of people out there who enjoy that stuff, at least give those thousands the pleasure of watching it."

The usual tirade about record company head-in-the-sand release schedules follows (I hear this from various people about three times a week, too). And many other frustrations get a working over. But let us be positive. The fact remains that there's some great dance platters around at the moment, particularly from the Chicago 'House' scene. As Racic says, Go-Go has begun to go down the same path as rap; once it starts to become too minimal, tedium sets in. The Chicago scene offers a way forward — dance music that appeals to the body *and* the mind, a movement that uses the latest technological innovations while cherishing the traditional beauties of a strong voice.

New York turned out to be a lot less exciting than its hip city image, feels Racic. "On the whole, the DJs over there are pretty lousy. I was expecting to be impressed, but I was quite bored. If it wasn't American Top 40 — which, granted, is more pleasant than Australian Top 40 — then they'd go into Hi-NRG at the Palladium. Danceteria was a little bit more like it, but on the whole they really did ignore things from the rest of the world. New Yorkers have a tendency to ignore the rest of America, let alone the rest of the world. I didn't hear any Go-Go stuff, actually. There's just little variety — no matter how good the stuff is, a whole night of it starts to get boring."

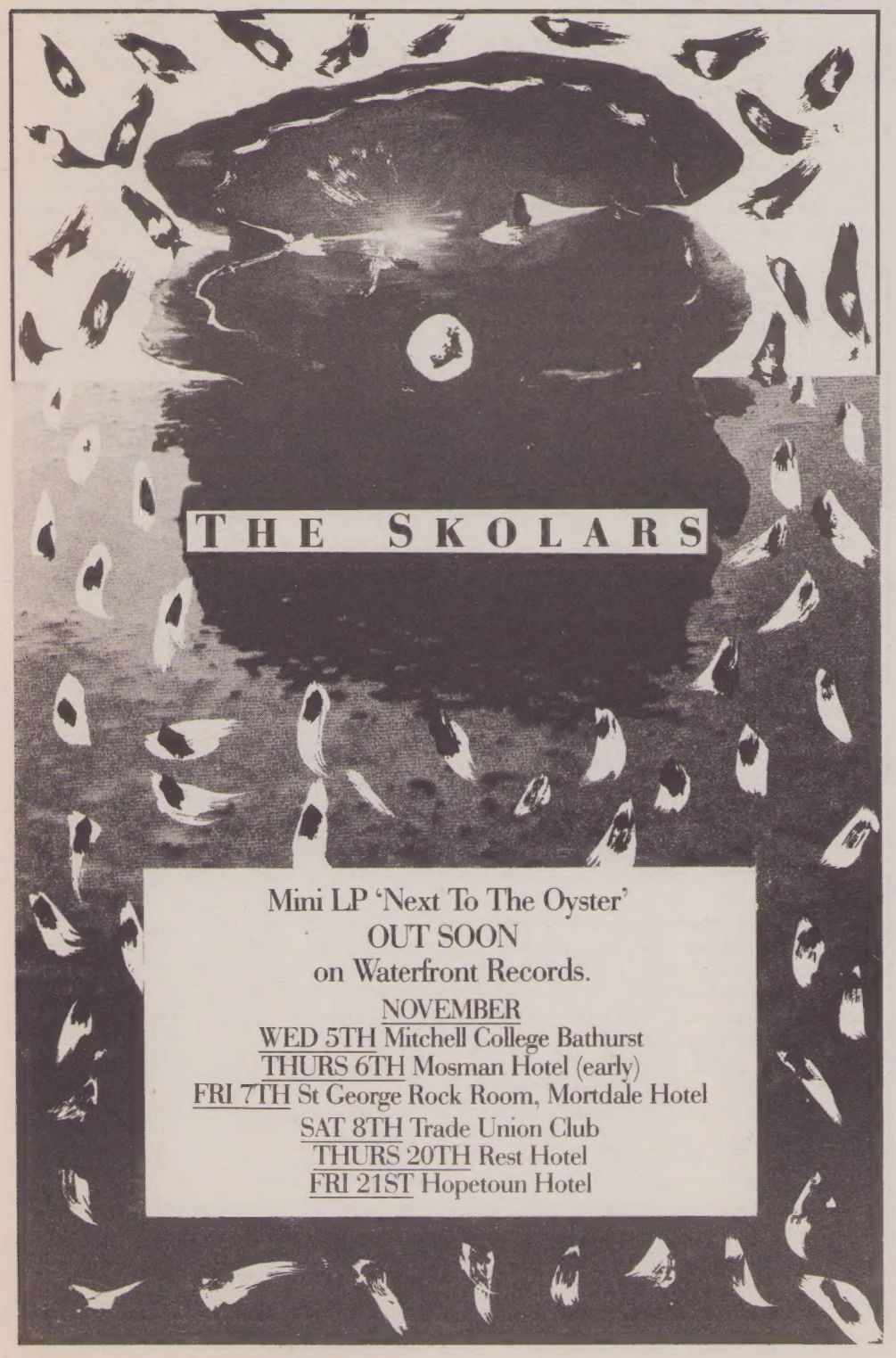
In Australia it's the European kids like the Greeks and Italians who often show the keenest interest in dance music, though Racic feels their taste tends towards "the really wet stuff, the pretty-pretty funk". But it's odd that in a city like Sydney that's supposed to be hedonistic, there isn't a really happening club scene.

"Everything's in a slump," confirms Racic. "DJs like myself and a couple of others have a really hard time. Other DJs take the really easy way out, they'll play the Top 40 and oldies. There seems to be a swing towards old disco — there's nothing more hideous. I mean, old disco is fine, but not as an everynight event in 1986. What's worse, it's 70s Top 40 disco, things like *Le Freak* that you've heard a million times. There's no reason for it. It's an easy way out."

Having achieved the impossible with his re-mix of the Venetians' *So Much For Love* (he made them sound almost exciting), Racic has gone on to projects with Flotsam Jetsam and INXS. He knows he's good, yet remains fiercely self-critical.

"The stuff I do, I've yet to take out and want to play at a nightclub. Except I listened to the Severed Heads stuff the other day and that isn't too bad. But with stuff like that, there's so much more that can be done."

If record company executives have any sense, they'll call in Racic and let him get on with the job of doing it.


THE SKOLARS
Mini LP 'Next To The Oyster'
OUT SOON
on Waterfront Records.
NOVEMBER
WED 5TH Mitchell College Bathurst
THURS 6TH Mosman Hotel (early)
FRI 7TH St George Rock Room, Mortdale Hotel
SAT 8TH Trade Union Club
THURS 20TH Rest Hotel
FRI 21ST Hopetoun Hotel

We've filled the gap.

The Porta Two Ministudio is here!

At last. A compact, fully integrated multitrack recording system that not only offers extensive creative multitrack recording capability, but full compatibility with the latest digital MIDI instruments and effects.

4-channel recorder with 6-input mixer. Yes, the mixer section features 6 independent input channels for multi-source flexibility. There is even a separate effect buss with EFFECT send controls on each input channel and an EFFECT MASTER level control for driving an external reverb unit or other effects. A mono TAPE CUE mix output is also provided. Plus insertion patch points on mixer input channels 1 and 2 so you can insert compressors, equalisers or other signal processing equipment for recording or mixdown.

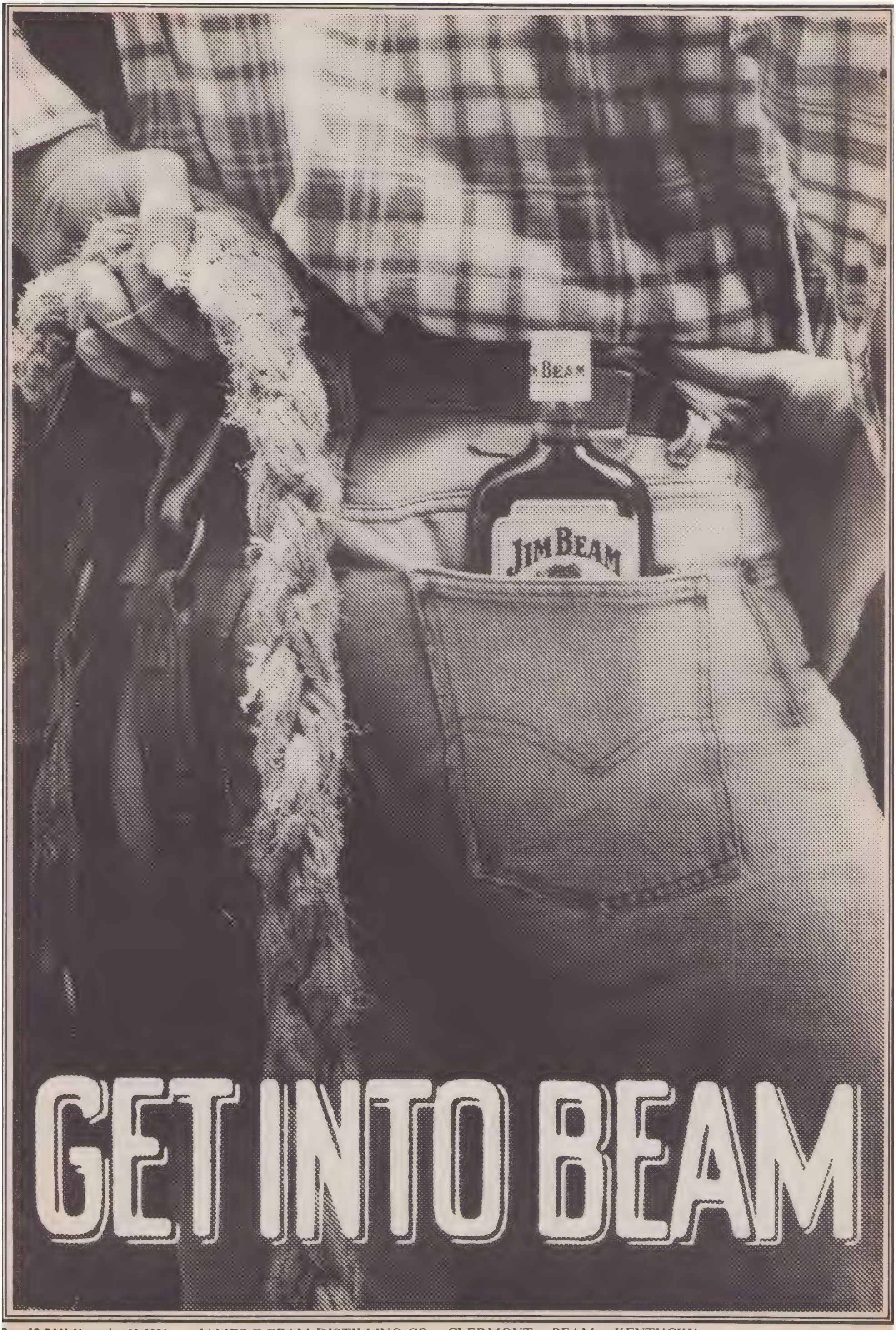
Tape Sync for MIDI Compatability. For interfacing a MIDI FSK converter or MIDI sequencers and drum machines with built-in converters for tape synchronisation, the Porta Two features special SYNC IN and OUT terminals. Pressing the SYNC switch instantly assigns the SYNC IN terminal to track 4 of the tape while SYNC OUT is always available, thereby eliminating the need for repatching. A SYNC OUT level control is also provided for optimum level matching with your MIDI converter.

Other great features. The Tascam Porta Two has built-in DBX noise reduction with 85dB dynamic range. RECORD FUNCTION selection system lets you assign mixer channels to tape tracks in a number of ways. Direct buss recording, master stereo buss recording or a combination if required. What's more, the Porta Two runs from an AC adaptor or batteries so you can create anywhere.

Special introductory price, while stocks last **$1299.**

TASCAM
THE RIGHT TRACK

Available at the following Tascam specialists: VIC. City. Allans Melbourne 63 0451. Brashs Melbourne 63 6701. Brashs Moorabbin 557 7981. Danny Boys. East Bentleigh 557 5993.Troy Music, South Yarra 241 9955. Guitar Village, Frankston 781 3160. Billy Hydes, Flemington 376 1344. Country: John Martin's, Swan Hill 32 9033. Prouds Audio, Bendigo 42 2722. Music Workshop, Geelong 21 5844. NSW City: Billy Hydes, Leichhardt 569 9055. Eastside, Bondi 389 2000. Harbour Music, Crows Nest 438 4300. Music Store, Brookvale 939 2444. Palings 233 2977. Sound on Stage 264 9817. The Music Place, Parramatta 635 9563. Turramurra Music 449 8487. Country: Landers Music, Orange 063 62 6588. Macron Music, Gosford 049 69 3522. Music Headquarters, Newcastle 049 52 9222. S.A. City: Allans 223 5533. Holden Hill 261 9950. Country: Trevor Jenke, Tununda 085 63 2793. A.C.T. Canberra: Brashs 81 5255. Pro Audio 49 7766. QLD. Brisbane: Billy Hydes 393 1006. Brashs 831 2855. Sound on Stage 52 9083. Stereo Supplies 229 2732. W.A. Perth: Kosmic 361 8855. Pro Sound 325 1066. Zenith 383 1422. TAS. Hobart: Quontum 31 0088. Barrats Music, Launceston 31 9355. For further information contact Teac Australia Pty. Ltd. (03) 699 6000.



JAMES B BEAM DISTILLING CO • CLERMONT • BEAM • KENTUCKY
AB3879.85

THE FEVER RISES— ONE MORE TIME

Along with the Loved Ones, the EASYBEATS defined Australia's musical heritage of the hallowed 60s era. With the onset of today's revivalist climate, that era has now turned full circle as 'Easyfever' rages once more around the country. PHIL STAFFORD relives the memory 21 years on.

Easybeats '86 pic by Ian Greene

AUSTRALIA has developed a habit of embalming its heroes for future resurrection. Once a fall from grace has occurred, the pieces are lovingly picked up, reassembled and put in storage — to be unveiled almost intact at a later date...if the price, and the timing, are right.

About four years ago, 70s pop monarchs Skyhooks decided the price was right for them to step out of mothballs. I was despatched north to Noosa to cover the first of their much-vaunted reunion gigs; but the resurrection shuffle turned out a shambles, and it wasn't till some four gigs later that Skyhooks managed to get anywhere near their former glory with a well-attended show in hometown Melbourne.

The Noosa gig had been a disaster from the start. The rain came down in tropical bucketfuls, the promoters lost their shirts and the punters stayed away in droves. Backstage, Midnight Oil and Skyhooks bickered over the billing — neither wanted to go on last, as both wanted to get out of that sodden hellhole as fast as possible. Skyhooks won, and went on before a cold, waterlogged and indifferent audience — most of whom where there for the Oils.

When 60s legends the Easybeats first hit Queensland, the story was a little different. Stevie Wright remembers it well..."When we went there, we thought 'Oh my gawd, where are we?' It was the first time, and they just went apeshit really. They rioted, it was just mad. I think a lot of the hysteria that came later might have emanated from that Festival Hall gig we did up there. They went over the roof — people attacking us, blokes running across the stage, women, coppers, people all tryin' to turn over taxis outside. The press got onto it of course, and then the rest of Australia got the idea."

It was the sort of reception Skyhooks got used to in their heyday, and perhaps hoped would happen again on the 80s rebound. No such luck. At Noosa, they made a fatal error — Skyhooks pitted their bygone might against that of the country's contemporary rock heroes, Midnight Oil. No contest.

Maybe they've learnt from Skyhooks' experience, but the Easybeats are taking no chances in 1986. Their reunion shows are planned to the last detail: all headlining shows, all indoor arenas, presold tickets, orchestrated publicity and firm promoters' guarantees — all for the sake of a well-timed nostalgia trip, with nothing but a sense of rekindled camaraderie and fat financial promises to carry them.

A lot has changed since those early days, when Stevie Wright — a budding rock'n'roll singer with a Beatles fixation — first met up with George Young and Harry Vanda in Sydney's Villawood migrant hostel. Wright, an effusive, ambitious Englishman seemed an ideal foil for Young, the dour Scotsman, and Vanda — the studious Dutchman who would become Young's songwriting partner and later, hugely successful co-producer. The triad was soon augmented by Dutch-born bassist Dick Diamonde, a former pedal steel player turned rock'n'roller, and Liverpudlian drummer Gordon 'Snowy' Fleet, just off the boat from England. They rehearsed in a garage behind Diamonde's house in Sydney's suburban Chester Hill, assembling a 60-song repertoire of obscure r'n'b tunes and current radio hits. Back then it was not uncommon for local bands to play up to four different venues a night, lugging borrowed gear from place to place by taxi or in friends' cars. *Everyone* played covers, largely English beat hits, and the Easybeats soon realised the only way up was to create their own.

"I went to live with the Youngs," recalls Wright, "and there was about 100,000 Youngs in the one house — so we had no problems pulling audiences to our early shows. Between George, Harry and me we must have stockpiled a multitude of songs, plus everyone else was contributing at that stage so we had heaps and heaps of material. From there it was just a matter of time...

"R'n'b was lookin' like the next big thing at the time. There's our roots. The Stones were obviously doin' it in a commercial way, but that's where they got their roots from. And with Snowy bein' from Liverpool, he kinda gave us *our* roots."

SNOWY: "We were doin' songs that no-one had heard over here, and no-one else was playin' 'em either. I'd left Mersey to come over here with a lot of that. stuff in my collection."

The Easybeats moulded those early beat/r'n'b influences into their own pop hybrid, and were soon headlining at dances all over Sydney. But it wasn't until that riotous concert in Brisbane and a string of subsequent TV appearances that they became a national phenomenon. Their first of close to a dozen Australian Top 10 hits followed soon after, and it was inevitable the band would just as quickly outgrow the local scene and be forced to try their luck in England, the hub of the music world in the late 60s...

"We invested all the money we made out of our Australian success into sending management around the world to negotiate contracts," recounts Wright. "What was left got us to England and supported us for six months — there was no other money coming, in, so we had to live off that. Then there was some copyright problem and the royalties got stopped for a couple of years." (In the meantime, the Easybeats scored an international hit with *Friday On My Mind* and had lesser success with such songs as *St. Louis*).

"When I came back to Australia after the breakup, I walked right into an airplay ban and couldn't record for about four or five years. It was a difficult time, but here we are today and we're all still alive."

It could well have been a different story for Wright, who was to wage a 12-year personal battle with heroin. Of course, it hit him hardest when he was down; a promising solo career took flight in the early 70s, yielding a huge hit with *Evie Parts 1, 2 & 3* — an epic single, still regarded as a local classic — but once his star waned, Wright slid into the depths at an alarming rate. He took on day jobs at various times as a clothing salesman, a process worker, and (ironically) as a drug rehabilitation counsellor, but was more than once found slumped in hotel toilets or in King's Cross shopfront doorways with a needle in his arm. Then, around Christmas last year, his solo career took off again — along with his self-esteem.

"Since Christmas I've been pushing harder and getting stronger, forming a band that's really working and getting three or four encores a night," he beams, looking genuinely healthy for the first time in years. "I'm as happy as all buggery. I'm 38 now...how old's Rod Stewart? 42? Maybe I'll get five more years out of this. business, know what I mean? This'll be my five years of high energy and maximum mental togetherness. After that, I'll be senile for sure" (*laughs*).

EVEN if this Easybeats reunion tour turns out to be a resounding stiff (which seems unlikely considering healthy pre-sales), the individual members have far less to lose these days. Wright has his reborn solo career, Vanda and Young are established producers, Snowy Fleet runs a successful carpentry business in Perth and Dick Diamonde still plays the circuit, in between working with Wright of late on his solo material.

Yet they're all only too aware of the vultures waiting for a fall...

DIAMONDE: "People don't respect success in this country."

WRIGHT: "Seems they wanna lift you up, and once you're up there, they wanna bring you down."

SNOWY: "It's the same as it was then, it hasn't changed; but then again, it would have been awful for the Easybeats to have finished up in the RSL clubs — look at the old Liverpool bands who came over and end up there..."

DIAMONDE: "Probably the best thing we ever did was split up when we did."

WRIGHT: "We went our separate ways 'cos that was obviously in our characters. That was *my* plan, anyway."

Obviously you got derailed along the way, Steve.

"The derailment side of it wasn't so beneficial, but the recovery side taught me heaps. The rehab. work I did taught me a lot about how *people* work; here we are today, and this has been the happiest period of my life these last few months. For a while there I thought the world was gonna end, it was like impending doom."

Have you found that if you're lacking motivation and self-esteem then you're more likely to be a target?

"Yes. I spent 12 and a half years trying to remove the problem; I was trying to palm it off all of that time and it kept comin' back on me 'cos of different thingos. But at Christmas time last year, because I took responsibility for my own recovery, it just went. Which is beautiful. Once I got out of Death Valley, we could work on the long-term goal of putting this together. First, the short-term goal was to put *me* together, getting me running on my own career — which is what I've been doing since January, right around the country."

The Easybeats' original management/record company, Alberts/EMI has already rush-released a solo compilation of Stevie Wright's in anticipation of the big event, and there's also a band set due before the reunion tour starts in the second week of November.

"What's going down is probably a live album," says Wright, indicating further that Vanda and Young would mix only — not produce. Maybe George is just a little too close to this, having only recently worked (with Harry) on the last AC/DC album, *Who Made Who?* — brothers Angus, Malcolm & Co's most successful since '82's *Back In Black*, recorded after the death of Bon Scott. To that point, Vanda & Young had produced all of AC/DC's platinum-sellers. How was it working with them again, George?

"Och, it was a lotta fun," George grins, his brogue as pronounced as ever. "Much the same as this. What it is is you're just gettin' together wi' a bunch o' guys wi' nothin' at stake."

To simply rekindle the old chemistry?

"Aye, that's abote the size of it. It's been relatively easy for everybody here tae accept what's happened. From the start, everyone understands that we've all got tae be a *band* again."

"Obviously the people who're gonna come along to see the shows will be fans, so it'd be a bit of a putdown for them if we tried tae to do real smartarse versions of *She's So Fine* or somethin'. But we'll still probably have tae fight against maybe sub-consciously changing the feels and arrangements."

Have you had to go back and listen to the old records?

WRIGHT: "I have to. Otherwise I'll have trouble remembering 'em."

"I've gotta learn *She's So Fine*," admits Diamonde. "Gotta stick to the plot, y'know?"

"From the very first jam session we had a few weeks back, it was definitely almost all there," says Wright. "And it was an even greater vibe than I remembered. It was just like the old days; nothing had changed, except the vibe was better."

So the Easybeats have turned full circle in exactly 21 years, only to arrive in the current revivalist climate where they're revered among today's young imitators as legends in their own lifetime. I mean, count 'em: *Sorry, Come And See Her, I'll Make You Happy, Wedding Ring, Women, Friday On My Mind, She's So Fine, (Show Me The Way To) St Louis*. Hell, the first single *this* fan ever bought was one of the band's few chart failures, 1969's *Peculiar Hole In The Sky*. By then they'd been through Merseybeat, English r'n'b, American soul and world-sized Australian pop to arrive at post-*Sgt Pepper's* psychedelia. Like their heroes the Beatles, no genre seemed beyond them.

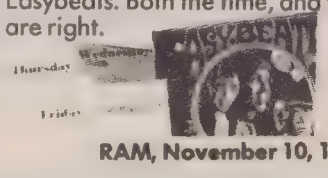
Surely then they find it flattering, if not highly amusing, to find themselves emulated within current musical circles?

"No, it's an honour actually," says Stevie Wright quietly. "Anyone who does material from back then is honouring the old bands when they do it."

Dick Diamonde adds a fond anecdote: "Back when we recorded *Wedding Ring*, I said to Ted (*Albert, label boss*): 'This is a really futuristic sound. You watch, in ten or 20 years it'll still be popular.' He just shrugged his shoulders. I saw him the other day and he said: 'You were right'."

WRIGHT: "What has to be convincing this time round is making sure we're doin' it *right*."

Step out of that cryogenic capsule, Easybeats. Both the time, and the price, are right.



SHADOW BEATBOXING

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE have just released their second album, entitled *No. 10 Upping St* — if you've ever been to Margaret Thatcher's house, you'll get the joke. That's B.A.D. mainman MICK JONES's wry sense of humour at work. But did you know he was into party games, Jackie Collins novels and pinching journalists' cigarette lighters? Ask CAROL CLERK, who also discovered some of his pet hates...

IT'S coming up to the end of the afternoon, and here in the Kensington Hilton, things are beginning to happen. The piano bar, which has slumbered politely since lunchtime, is suddenly alive with the chatter of after-office drinkers as they take their seats among the luxurious potted plants, clink glasses and giggle over the events of the day.

Across the table, Mick Jones ignores the invasion, determined not to be distracted from his reminiscence: "We were having a party at my house round about Christmas time. It was a birthday party for my publicist, Tricia. There were 50 of us, all in the front room. I was 30 at the time. We were all playing party games like *Pass The Balloon Between Your Legs* and *Musical Drop Deads* — that's the one where the music stops and you have to drop dead. Just as the music stopped and we all slammed on to the living room floor, this bloke from some American record company came in with a few other people. They were quite surprised. I bet when that bloke went back to the record company, he said 'Next time Mick Jones has a party, get him balloons. He's not going to want any of that cocaine or stuff we usually give our artistes'.

"That's another thing. I don't like to be called an *artiste*. I'm in a bloody group. Rock music is full of the most thick blokes you're ever likely to come across in any field whatsoever. I'm sure you can find more interesting clerical workers. So we don't call ourselves *artistes*.

Jones has been like this since the beginning of our conversation — unpredictable, irreverent, really quite downright entertaining. All of which shatter certain people's illusions.

The get-cat-on-of-the-Clash part of Mick Jones and Joe Strummer has resulted in the elevation of the people's champions to people's heroes — remote, infallible beings who can certainly heal cripples if you'll only touch the hem. To meet Mick Jones is to be ushered into the presence of A Supreme Wisom. To meet Mick Jones is to be rendered speechless with awe.

Some people are full of shit! I glance at the amiable character sitting opposite, strangely vulnerable without the cocky cap, and I wonder how real, grown men can be intimidated by someone so *normal*. Mick Jones wonders, too...

"It's beginning to happen," he admits, temporarily embarrassed. "I don't want to come between me and my fans. In the time I spent off, after the Clash, I got an idea of what it's like to be an ordinary bloke again. I'd been in the public eye from when I was 19 to 28. It was quite a fall. But it taught me that I didn't have to be famous to live, and it taught me to enjoy what I've got and appreciate it more. I don't think I've got any special powers."

Except one...

"I've got X-ray vision. I can see what kind of underwear they wear. I can tell you that Paul Young should get some Calvin Klein underwear instead of what he's got. I might be able to do him a nice deal on some BAD underwear... extra support and hose pipe attachment!"

WE met to discuss the new Big Audio Dynamite album, *No. 10 Upping St.* — an album which, to these ears at least, is infinitely more accessible and accomplished than its predecessor. While there's no loss of power and no loss of the crucial big BAD sound with all of its diverse components, this is undeniably more tuneful, more varied and less *intense* than *This Is Big Audio Dynamite*.

I like the new stuff a lot better. I like the fluttering vocals of *Hollywood Boulevard*, the friendly flow of *V-Thirteen* and the cheekiness of *Ticket* alongside the percussive rampage of *Sambadrome* and the rock'n'roll impulse of *C'mon Every Beatbox*, the new single. I like the straightforward pop melody that just about *any* sort of singer, even Mick's of melody that could be adapted to suit just about *any* sort of singer, even Mic's "wonderful, very nice" old mate, Dana.

Jones himself is pleased — if still a little surprised — that the album finally exceeded his own expectations.

"We just wanted to take a step," he recalled, straightening his skinny red tie. "We didn't know which way it was going to be, backwards or forwards. We'd just come off the last British tour and I gave myself two weeks to come up with an LP. The idea was really not to be out of the public eye while we made this record.

"Some groups go away for 18 months or two years, and you read in the papers 'Where are they now?' and then they come back with the same old rubbish, same formula. They stick to it like glue. I like the idea of every time we do an LP, it's completely different.

"What we wanted to do was not spend too much time, not be too precious, but go in and put it all down as fast as possible and see what we got. In that two weeks, we had most of the backing tracks and most of the words. But when I said I was going to do this album in a short amount of time and be back before anyone even noticed we'd gone, I was bluffing. I didn't really think we would do it in that amount of time. I was basically bluffing and just hoping desperately that we wouldn't get caught out along the way. That's what I like best about this LP. The fact that we didn't.

"I do like it better than the first one. I said I wanted to make a record that was more simple and that had a bit more music and a bit more space, and we did those things. It's much more direct as well. You don't need a Thesaurus to get off on this one.

"Two tracks on this LP — I'd like them *all* to be singles. The first one, and the second, and so on, as we get to the end of the LP. Not dance mixes of course. There's no tracks you can't dance to. The singing has improved. And I'm very pleased with the way the rhythm section's musicianship has improved on this album as well. To begin with it was a matter they weren't musicians. And all of a sudden, hey, presto, they are. Which, with hindsight, I was right all along. It didn't take anything to learn to play an instrument.

The writing has the best of what the first album had, plus it has the gutsy writing that the Clash had. We've added something to our armoury... I guess it's Joe's input."

Ah yes, Joe Strummer. Having repaired his personal and professional relationships with Jones, Strummer now emerges as co-producer of the album and co-writer of five of its tracks.

Jones always did and always will refuse to discuss the details of his unceremonious sacking from the Clash: "I didn't want to get down there in the gutter with them, even though they were saying the most awful things and trying to discredit me continuously. I felt that the truth would come out, even though I wouldn't say it. Somehow, karmically, the truth would become known, as it did.

"Joe went out to find me, and it took a big man to come and see me after all that, I suppose. I was in the Caribbean somewhere and he went out there and searched for three days. He came on a bike and he found me, and even though there had been so much between us, we were still better friends than I am with a lot of people. I would like to make it clear that I'm friends with Paul again, too. In the two-and-a-half years that Joe and I spent not talking to each other or not being friends, which was all a result of the communication breakdown that occurred in the Clash, we both come to realise and appreciate what we have in terms of a songwriting partnership. I sort of sat in on the *Love Kills* sessions, played a bit of guitar. I kinda was involved and then I wasn't. I did a mix and they didn't use it. But it was definitely a sort of a sign that it would be possible to work together again.

"Then Don bumped into Joe in Soho while we were doing the album. Don brought him to the studio and once he arrived, he never really left. He stayed with us, spurred us on to greater things. He sent us to New York."

He *sent* you?

"He said 'let's go to New York to mix it'. I don't know if he knew what was going to happen, but what did happen was that we automatically went into a much higher gear, going on all guns all the time until the end of the LP."

The way is now clear for further collaborations between Jones and Strummer...

"I'm going to, hopefully in the next couple of weeks, make Joe's LP with him," enthused Jones, smoothing the trousers of his black suit. "I'll co-produce, write some of the songs and probably play on it, and it will be his record and it will be how he wants it. If he wants it to be porch music, it will be porch music. We're all getting porch extensions built on our houses so we can sit on the porch on a nice evening and listen to Hank Williams.

"I'd certainly like Joe to do more with BAD if he's got the time in the future. Unless we fall out again..."

MICK Jones inadvertently pocketed my cigarette lighter for the second time and considered the implications of life in number 10, Upping Street:

"It's an imaginary place where the funkiest Prime Minister lives. You know how Downing Street is such a downer. Upping Street is such an upper. We were going to call the album *'Worse'*, 'cause we'd done a second album — 'Second album crisis... it's bound to be worse than the last one'. But we changed our minds because it turned out to be better. And we thought 'God, if we give it to CBS they'll go *"From BAD to Worse"*'.

"So what CBS did then was, they thought of a stick of dynamite for the sleeve with the mailing address *'No. 10 Upping St'* on the stick of dynamite. Which they wouldn't have done if we'd asked them to." He smirked, delighted. And then, as an afterthought: "She's such a groupie, isn't she, Margaret Thatcher? She should be a pom-pom girl for Ronnie.

"Mick Jones is the sort of creep who likes to wind a person up from time to time. He denied to deny that the vocal lines from *C'mon Every Beatbox* were directly lifted from *Summer me Blues*, and he denied it with a straight face which was very disconcerting at the time.

The talk had then turned to *V Thirteen*, a song with disturbing references to Sodom and Gomorrah, and Russian rain, and *"food that ain't been checked"*. Without the help of a lyric sheet, one might think of Chernobyl, for instance.

"It's basically an everyday story of common folk. It refers to a gang in Venice Beach and this particular guy who wrote the name of the gang on his wall. It actually gets you right there (*somewhere around the ribcage*). It's gutsy, that's what I like. I like the song to it because it's gutsy writing.

"Actually I was in Berlin the day Chernobyl happened," he added. "It was completely, completely empty. The streets were deserted. We went to do a TV show, and even the studio was empty. We'd come all the way to Berlin and nobody was there. I didn't know that everybody was frying. I won't let any of that stuff force me into submission. I'm not going to be afraid of it. It's a very irresponsible attitude, I know. They've made me like that.

In its lyrical content, *No. 10 Upping St.* uses familiar BAD imagery of cities, streets, gangs, gangsters, drugs, lawlessness, violence and corruption. And the themes and thoughts, for the main part, cover familiar territory — the problems and rewards of multi-cultural society, the decline of London, the plight of the unemployed and underprivileged. However, the means by which BAD have sought to convey these ideas — through stories and incidents, real and fictitious — is genuinely imaginative. And the occasionally flippant tone with which Jones discussed them was by no means intended to triviliase the matters at hand. It was more of an effort to avoid the earnest self-righteousness that has become such a pain in the ass from the you-know-who do-gooders of rock'n'roll.

Sambadrome uses the true story of a modern-day Robin Hood to pursue the notion of what Mick calls the "redistribution of wealth". And *Ticket* presents a worrying concept in an almost simplistic manner...

"Children like that song," confirmed Jones. "It's a very funny, humorous song with a very serious content. Basically it's about a Jamaican or West Indian's viewpoint of England. He sees what a strange bunch of guys we are. He gets a job. It doesn't last very long. He gets on a bus, the bus driver drops from a heart attack caused by an attack by a football fan, the bus goes out of control, gets hit by a train, the train pushes the bus all the way to Gretna Green, the inspector comes and checks the West Indian's ticket and finds out he's only paid to Waterloo."

At the heart of the tale is the bigotry of those who blame the black population for the unemployment figures, while the character in the song "was actually invited here to clean the toilets after the war".

There's a parallel, too, with *Beyond The Pale*...

"We make one nation out of many. You know where you come from. You know how London is made up and other great cities, also. This group wouldn't be able to be formed if there wasn't that cultural mix in the streets."

One part of the lyric tells of a rock'n'roller with a Jerry Lee Lewis record collection in Vladivostok...

"I do have a little bit of Russian in me — probably my great grandfather," said Mick. "It's true. I could've been born there and I'd still be a rocker. And I guess I'd be in deep shit."

On *Limbo The Law*, BAD are considering the value of human life: "It's less for the young person now than it was when I was young," said Jones. "These days, kids don't want to be Benny Hill. They want to be something that's exciting, even if you have to go out in a blaze of glory outside the 7-11. They haven't got anything to lose. It's been forced upon them. Other people don't value their lives, like the government. Otherwise they would be doing something to help them. There's so many unemployed people here. You'd think they'd put them all in the army, but they don't cause they're too cheap to pay everybody wages. They prefer to put them on slave wages or youth schemes.

Are you proposing that young people should be encouraged to join the forces???

Well, I wouldn't be in the army entertainment corps, let's say.

ELSEWHERE on the album, *C'mon Every Beatbox* is a BAD declaration of independence from the parasites of the music industry — "the selfish promoter... and the slimy entrepreneur... and the booking agent". *Hollywood Boulevard*, by contrast, is probably worthy of Jackie Collins — who is, coincidentally, one of Jones' favourite trash authors.

"That song is about Olly Reed and Errol Flynn discussing their nether bits," said Mick, matter-of-factly. "I wrote it with Don. We're still there with the soap opera, if you like. Still there. But now we're going into not so much the common folk but the extraordinary folk and only a certain type — the hellraisers. The hellraisers of literature and of film. And Richard Harris, even though he's not in it, he's the one that got me going on it. I very much like Richard Harris. I like these characters very much. I like it when they're out there, when they expose themselves. I like all that stuff."

This leads to one of Jones's usual tirades about the media and the new, safe respectability of rock'n'roll as it comes through the sanitary processes of Fleet Street — "rock music in all its tuxedo'd glory".

"Now, in this current climate of post-Boy George drug paranoia, we're likely to end up with music which is emasculated, totally under control. I don't like all this careerist rock music."

Don Letts may still be filming everything that moves within BAD for our forthcoming visual pleasure, but in terms of *film on record*, the group have now adopted an entirely different approach. To avoid "getting our asses sued", they no longer pilfer openly from popular movies. Where there are petty thefts, they are now few and far between and are taken from obscure sources. BAD are, for the most part, writing their own film music. And they recruited real actors to record speaking parts.

Hence a genuine telephone call between Matt Dillon and Larry Fishburne from *Apocalypse Now* and *Cotton Club* at the end of *Dial A Hitman*, the story of a hired gun who agrees to bump off a client's wife and gets the wrong gal. Fishburne also re-did a piece from *Cotton Club* for inclusion on the LP.

"We feel like we've gone further, broken down some of those barriers," explained Mick. "But a lot of things happen by coincidence in BAD. It's the way we operate, really."

Big Audio Dynamite begin a British tour at the end of the month. And everybody should pay attention: BAD are promising some spectacular musical dynamics: "If you make a good record, it's very important you've got to be a live band. You can't just make a video and swan around looking handsome, and if you're not handsome, swan around with a lot of birds on a motorbike: Make a video, but don't make such a bloody big deal of it. you've gotta be able to cut it live.

"Music: for me, it's the thing that keeps me going. It's really a lifeblood. It makes the whole thing go round. It's not money, it's music that makes the whole bloody thing move. It's always there. It's always there with us.

"Rock'n'roll is supposed to burn out. I'll still make music. I may not particularly parade it on stage when it feels uncomfortable or undignified to do so. But I will always make music."

The piano bar is getting even noisier, and it's time to go. Mick Jones invites me to his next party on condition I bring my own balloons. I like him. So I guess I can just about afford them.

New Order are a good rock'n'roll band. Discuss.
New Order are just a good rock'n'roll band. Decide.
New Order are just another rock'n'roll band. Dispute.
New Order are...
"...We're a little more than that!"
Sorry. Let's start that sequence again.
New Order are little more than that.
"You've forgotten the 'a'!
Disgusting. 'A' little more than that!"

WHO'S GOT THE GUN?

(Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS)

"The charts are shit because people are shot with a gun. The gun is radio. The gun is big business."

NEW ORDER's bassist PETER HOOK tends to shoot his mouth off with devastating accuracy. Providing a more reflective foil is mild-mannered singer/ guitarist BERNARD SUMNER. Together, they are *The Brotherhood* (also the title of New Order's new LP).

Matching them man for man across two continents are TED MICO and JON CASIMIR.

L–R: Gillian, Bernard, Hooky & Steven

SORRY. But that's New Order all over (again). A missing letter, a few lost words, a handful of mixed metaphors, a bucketful of misconceptions and a mountain of missing paragraphs. There's always a missing link, a lie between phrases. There has to be to keep the band alive.

Some music refuses to be confined within idle propositions and meek prepositions. It stands and falls (as well as rolls around on the ground laughing) on misunderstanding. The time has come to discover what has been missed and what has been amassed — the 'A's are back on vinyl and back on the road.

It's midnight backstage after New Order's first gig of the tour *OR* it's 5.30 in the morning back at the hotel at Newcastle (England) *OR* it's the middle of the afternoon on the phone to Australia. It doesn't really matter. New Order have never been a band to put too much faith in the egg-timer.

Uneasy in the charts and uneasy out of them, New Order are a band of polar extremes — Peter Hook quietly benevolent and mischievously belligerent, open to the point of brashness, contrasted with Bernard Sumner — quietly apologetic and open to all suggestions. The silent lovers, Gillian Gilbert and Stephen Morris, oscillate between the two. Sumner looks boyish, but it's the more imposing and semi-bearded (long before George Michael thought of it) Hook who reads comics — *2000AD* comics to be precise, within the pages of which lurks the hero law enforcer of Megacity One, Judge Dredd...

"It's really weird," he chuckles. "You know Mark E. Smith from the Fall? He's a big *2000AD* fan, too, and in last week's issue, they had an advert for their new LP. I thought that was really good."

So why don't New Order do it?

"I thought of doing it, but the others... I actually got a mention in it once for wearing a Judge Dredd T-shirt. Some guy nominated me for an award, but the editor (*an expatriate Betelgeusian named Tharg the Mighty*) said I should be done for subverting minors. Never mind..."

New Order have a new single out. It's called *State Of The Nation* or *Shame Of The Nation*, depending on the angle you approach it from. The band wrote it, recorded it in Japan just before their last Australian tour, rearranged it, re-recorded it on another continent, and then finally dumped it because they'd received new orders to come up with a song within a fortnight for the movie *Pretty In Pink*. John Hughes, the film's writer and director, had been a New Order fan for ages. When he did the rough cuts for the film, he edited them to New Order tunes. Why not go one better? He asked them to write a song for it.

That project became a priority. *Shellshock* became the single. New Order became a more attractive proposition in America and over here. *State/Shame* went into suspended animation. Hughes paid for the recording of *Shellshock*, more expensive than the entire *Power, Corruption & Lies* album, and then only used a few seconds of it in the movie. Hook shrugs...

"He obviously preferred *Thieves Like Us* (an earlier single), because he left it in. The soundtrack album went double platinum in America or something totally ridiculous..."

You have to laugh. Stephen is always smiling: "It was a laugh going to the grand opening at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in LA. Anyone who was in a band had to have their pictures taken, and when they asked where New Order were, we just pointed to a bunch of roadies hanging around the exit. They believed us!"

Returning to Hooky's story:

"...*Shellshock* to me has always sounded a very confusing record, though. It just doesn't feel comfortable to me. I think it sounds too fussy — too much of Robie and not enough of us."

The Robie he speaks of is John Robie. New York wizkid producer and the man responsible for the remix ("redecorate, really") of *Subculture*, *Shellshock* and *Shame Of The Nation*. He also played the solo, "much to our embarrassment", on *Confusion* — a 1983 single.

"It (*his recent production*) was supposed to be a collaboration," Hook leans back and smirks, "but Robie's not that type of person. His great motto is 'I'll try anything you want', but he doesn't add on the end 'As long as I like it!' He thinks he's really good at it, better than anyone else. He's all right. He always leaves the bass guitar off, though. I take it personally.

"The next guy who has been tipped to produce us is John Cale. A friend of ours manages him. We're seriously considering doing the next single with him. That'd be an interesting thing."

NEW ORDER are a Cult Band. They are living proof of Herman Hesse's maxim (paraphrased): "A pop star is something you are allowed to be, but not allowed to become."

The band are manacled by the fatuous euphemisms of the press (principally the British) and the myopic expectations of their fans. With a policy of 'no sell-out', they are probably doomed to shadowbox in their insulated and tidy corner, contented but not contentious, strong but never really powerful.

No-one says a word. Cult bands breed off silence. New Order are beautiful because they are interesting and interesting because they are beautiful.

"The press are the ones that make cult bands or not," Hook almost spits. "You glorify shit half the time — bands that are pulled from obscurity for no reason and have no talent. Only a small portion of a cult band's appeal comes from the band themselves."

Hook hates chit-chat. If he likes you, he'll talk. If he thinks you're a joke, he'll walk out of the room. He's friendly enough; he's just disconcertingly (and fairly so) intolerant of the bullshit of boring question-sheet and practised answer. He's a nightmare for the journalist who hasn't done his homework, but an absolute pleasure for the one who has.

"I don't bother with most journalists because they look a jerk, talk a jerk, and act a jerk. The last bloke who interviewed us was a kid who asked lots of questions which we couldn't answer because I

BERNARD: "To be a pop star, I'd have to have a permanent suntan, a voice like Zeus, take dancing lessons and sign to a record company that knows how to beef up chart returns."

couldn't take him seriously. He lied about us as well. They all do. You will. We do all the time. It makes life more interesting. The press are into perpetuating the same shite myths about us that never had any foundations."

Stephen looks aggrieved. Bernard has a much more profound reason why New Order are cult uncult.

"I think we explore the darker side of human nature. Chart groups just exploit people.

"The charts are shit because people are shot with a gun. The gun is radio. The gun is big business. To be a pop star, I'd have to have a permanent suntan, a voice like Zeus, take dancing lessons and sign to a record company that knows how to beef up chart returns. I know of one record company who were deliberately selling duff records that were unplayable just so people would have to take them back and exchange them for another. It went down as two chart sales. We just couldn't play that game. We're not clever enough and we're not experienced enough. We're also far too lazy."

When Joy Division first released *Love Will Tear Us Apart*, a well-known British record retailer phoned the band asking whether they would give them the single at 25 percent of the cost in return for four times the chart returns.

"It's true," Bernard confirms. "We told them to fuck off. If *Blue Monday* had been released through a normal record company, it would have been number one for months. It's not worth it because, in this country, you're not allowed to earn money — real money."

"There comes a time," Pete decides, "when you need the dosh to keep the whole thing going. No-one listens to you if you haven't got any money. Because we're a successful band, people who otherwise wouldn't give us the time of day are forced to sit up to attention. I like that. I like walking into a bank dressed as I do and making people listen."

He tightens the top buckle of his biker boot...

"It's like cocking a snoot at them. It's like when I walked into a car showrom and the sales guy was looking at me like I was real suspicious. I asked him for a test drive, and, just before he had a chance to refuse, I took out my wallet and told him I'd buy it! It's a childish way of getting my own back."

New Order have released a new album which is different in the same sort of way. The title, *Brotherhood*, was arrived at through democracy in action. They put all the names into a hat, and on the last day, the name that had accumulated the most ticks received the honour. Ascendance by default: it's a wonder that they even bother to name their albums, considering the words rarely appear on the covers — which come courtesy of the magically slow hand of designer Peter Saville. *Lowlife* had been finished for three months before Saville completed the cover. Determined to avoid a repeat performance, this time the band/designer meetings were held months before the recording.

"It didn't make a blind bit of difference," Hook laughs. "It just shows, sometimes you can't plan it. We finished *Brotherhood* at the end of June. When we talked to Peter about the sleeve, we decided to do a metallic one. That caused the hold-up. He experimented with metal sleeves and ended up not doing it anyway because it was too expensive. You can't win."

The new order of *Brotherhood* is sharper, more focussed and melodic, yet more melancholy. There's a fine line between finding an original niche and being stuck in a rut. New Order stagger across it, kick it, get drunk and fall on it, but generally keep on top of it. What keeps their albums going is the same energy. The same monumental thrusts of overpowering orchestration. The same epic. The same unfathomable meaning. The same missing phrases.

"It's so difficult," Hook says, shaking his head. "When you work in the studio, it's tempting to overdo things. I think that what often happens is that when you get to know a song very well, you get a little bored and always think that it needs something else. You tend to wake up afterwards to the realisation that you've overdone them. We though this time that *Angel Dust* was a bit complicated. We've simplified it to play live."

Hook's gigantic bass is the fulcrum around which silence and clamour gyrate and caress each other. The same singing. The same keyboards. The same fragments of beauty dropped from great heights to see if they'll break. The same fragrance of nonchalance. They leave the mistakes to vie with the moments of perfection. When Bernard broke down laughing during *Every Little Counts*, it stayed on the tape. New Order are so funny because they are human and so human because they are funny.

"One of the biggest reasons we didn't re-record it was Barney was so pissed off with singing that he didn't want to do it again. It was quite funny at the time, so we left it on the track. When we came back to it five days later, we still liked it, so it stayed."

Of course, they produced it all themselves. It's an ego thing. Hook says he always knew they could do it better than anyone else. Having to produce also stops them from getting bored, from nipping out to the local and letting the record slip away. Hook regrets nothing from the past. He's proud of it. Bernard looks back with anguish: "Because I'm so melancholy, I suppose. I'm always unhappy with everything we've done. Our first album I thought was terrible crap. The production on *Unknown Pleasures* is crap as well. I don't like the production on *Brotherhood* either. On this album, we've got Rolls Royce songs crammed inside Cortina bodywork."

"I think we explore the darker side of human nature. Chart groups just exploit people."

Barney doesn't have Hook's thick skin. Cut him and he bleeds. He hates leeches almost as much as his recurring depression.

"It's only me that's so fucked up," he whispers. "Morose, more like. The rest of the band are all happy, or at least I think they are. I never ask them, because it's too dangerous to ask questions like that. I think we're interesting partly because we're so fucked up. Sometimes I think how good I was when I was a boy and what a twat I am now. Most of the time, I'm nothing now. Experience is supposed to make life richer, but it's making my life empty. I think people like Iggy Pop were great because they were so screwed up, too. I'm not great, though."

Iggy isn't either now. He's happily married.

"It's better to be happy than be great."

It's clear why Bernard can't write a straightforward love song.

"I know. They're always sad. I wish I knew why. It's quite horrible, really.

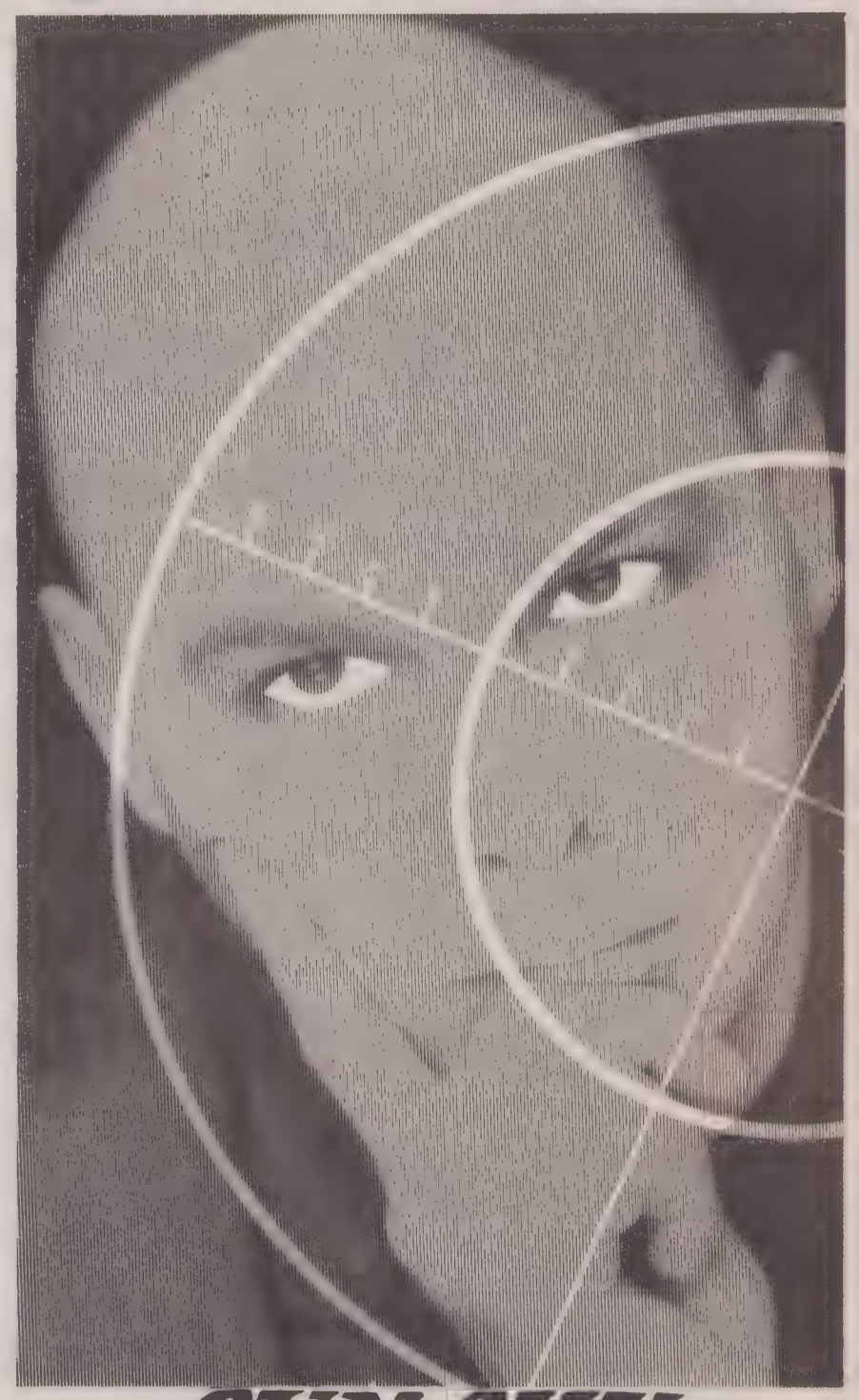
"What motivates me to write songs is what the years do to me. The years hack away at you with a knife. They hack at your feelings. Some music in this world is so good it can neutralise all those hacks and scars. I just want to play that music. I want to write songs that will live forever."

And what does Hook want to do?

"I'd like New Order to be successful in America. It's not that important, but it'd be nice. I'd like it because I got annoyed last time we were there that people kept comparing us to Simple Minds and U2. I thought it was a shame that American needed educating so much. I felt a bit cheapened and slighted by being compared to U2 when they just ripped Joy Division off completely! Simple Minds ripped off both Joy Division and New Order! Bastards..."

New Order are a little more than that.

The Screaming Blue Messiahs



GUN-SHY

ALBUM/CASSETTE

WILD BLUE YONDER

SINGLE

Blitz down under 1986

WED 5–LADY BAY HOTEL,
THU 6–CLUB GO–FAST MELBOURNE
FRI 7–PRINCE OF WALES MELBOURNE
SAT 8–CENTRAL CLUB MELBOURNE
MON 10–CANBERRA WORKERS
TUES 11–KARDOMAH SYDNEY
WED 12–MANSFIELD TAVERN
THURS 13–MANSFIELD TAVERN BRISBANE
FRI 14–PLAYROOM GOLD COAST
SAT 15–PLAYROOM GOLD COAST
SUN 16–PENRITH
TUES 18–NEWCASTLE WORKERS
WED 19–DEE WHY
THURS 20–SYDNEY COVE TAVERN
FRI 21–THE VENUE MELBOURNE
SAT 22–THE VENUE MELBOURNE
SUN 23–EUREKA HOTEL RICHMOND
TUES 25–LE ROX ADELAIDE
WED 26–LE ROX ADELAIDE
THURS 27–RED PARROT PERTH
FRI 28 RED PARROT PERTH
SAT 29–SHENTON PARK PERTH

Marketed by WEA Records Pty Limited A Warner Communications Company *Presented by the Frontier Touring Company.* wea

CHARTS

AUSTRALIA NOW

SINGLES

TF	LF	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL
1	—	• HUNGRY TOWN	Big Pig	White
2	—	• LITTLE TOO LATE/ TEENAGE BLUES	Naked Lunch	Waterfront
3	15	• RACHEL ANNE	Summer Sons	Easter
4	—	• BURNED AGAIN	Coneheads	Greasy Pop
5	2	HARD RAIN	Harem Scarem	Au-Go-Go
6	—	• STOP BREAKIN' MY HEART	Voodoo Lust	Wolf
7	1	AMERICAN TV	Trilobites	Citadel
8	—	SMALL FISH IN A BIG MACHINE	Even As We Speak	Voyeur
9	—	LOLENE	Mad Turks From Istanbul	Greasy Pop
10	4	POISON PEN	Hoodoo Gurus	Big Time
11	8	DON'T RUN AWAY	Toys Went Berserk	Aberrant
12	—	LUNCH	Flies	Pagan
13	7	OVERWORKING	Sparklers	Phantom
14	13	DARLING IT HURTS	Paul Kelly & the Coloured Girls	Mushroom
15	—	CHANGE	Cattletruck	Regular
16	3	BAD MOON RISING	Reels	Regular
17	5	FRACTURED	Feed Time	Aberrant
18	20	BIG COUNTRY	John Kennedy's Love Gone Wrong	Red Eye
19	11	HEAVEN	Vultees	Waterfront
20	—	VIRGINIA	Bamboos	Citadel

Compiled with assistance from: **Floppy Disk, Phantom, Red Eye, Waterfront, Dizzy Spinners, Greville, Missing Link & Umbrella.**

The material contained within these charts is not to be reproduced in any way without the permission of SCANES MUSIC RESEARCH, PO Box 432, AVALON BEACH, 2017 NSW

ALBUMS

TF	LF	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL
1	1	GOSSIP	Paul Kelly & the Coloured Girls	Mushroom
2	4	BUCKET	Painters & Dockers	Dock
3	—	• THE IMPLODING LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS	Lighthouse Keepers	Waterfront
4	2	TOP OF THE TOWN	Screaming Tribesmen	Rattlesnake
5	7	IT'S A PREMOISTENED WORLD	Wet Ones	Polyester
6	13	WORLD WAR XXIV	World War XXIV	Aberrant
7	—	• DUNGEON TAPES	Kelpies	Aberrant
8	11	A SLAB OF VIC	Various	Au-Go-Go
9	14	KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS	Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds	Mute
10	5	SLEEPLESS (Mini LP)	Ups & Downs	True Tone
11	12	BLUE TRAINS AND GRAVEL LANES	Billy Baxter's Hollow Men	Rampant
12	3	REFLECTIONS	Vicious Circle	Reactor
13	6	FREE DIRT	Died Pretty	Citadel
14	—	WHEN THE FABRIC'S TORN	White Cross	Crash
15	9	COLOUR IN A BLACK FOREST	Spikes	Greasy Pop
16	8	CRASH THE PARTY	Shindiggers	Waterfront
17	—	PICKS AND PENS	Every Brothers	Greasy Pop
18	10	HIGHLIGHTS OF A DANGEROUS LIFE	Johnnys	Mushroom
19	17	DATE WITH A VAMPYRE	Screaming Tribesmen	Citadel
20	15	LONG LIFE THE NEW FLESH (Mini LP)	Eastern Dark	Waterfront

NEW RELEASES

SINGLES

THE PRETENDERS ..... Don't Get Me Wrong (WEA)
CRASH POLITICS* ..... The Same (CBS)
BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE ..... C'mon Every Beatbox (CBS)
THE ANGELS* ... Don't Waste My Time (FES)
ICEHOUSE* ..... Cross The Border (FES)
I'M TALKING ..... How Can It Be (FES)
B-52s ..... Summer Of Love (WEA)
BIG PIG* ..... Hungry Town (FES)
VENETIANS* ..... Let It All Go (FES)
ERASURE .. Who Needs Love Like That (RCA)
MAN CRAB ..... Fish For Life (EMI)
FINGER GUNS* ..... Heartman Is Breathing (RCA)
SPARKS Music That You Can Dance To (RCA)
LOU REED .....The Original Wrapper (RCA)
JOHN JUSTIN* ..... Justice (RCA)
CROWDED HOUSE* ..... Don't Dream It's Over (EMI)
MODELS* ..... Let's Kiss (FES)
TOUGH LUXURY* ... Without Warning (RCA)
BODEANS ..... She's A Runaway (EMI)
OCEAN BY OCEAN* ..... Dancing On The Tiles (RCA)
KEVIN BORICH* ..... World's On Fire (RCA)
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS* ..... Is There Anybody In There? (FES)
BELINDA CARLISLE .. I Feel The Magic (CBS)
INNOCENT BYSTANDERS* ..... Looking Down At You (CBS)
JAMES GRIFFIN & THE SUBTERRANEANS* ..... No Surrender (CBS)
YELLo ..... Goldrush (POL)
MENTAL AS ANYTHING* ..... Let's Go To Paradise (CBS)
BALAAM & THE ANGEL ..... New Kind Of Love (EMI)
PAUL YOUNG ..... Wonderland (CBS)
MONDO ROCK* .. Primitive Love Rites (POL)

ALBUMS

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE ..... No. 10 Upping Street (CBS)
JAMES BROWN ..... Gravity (CBS)
WYNTON MARSALIS ..... J. Mood (CBS)
REDGUM* .....Midnight Sun (CBS)
SWEETHEARTS OF THE RODEO .....Sweethearts Of The Rodeo (CBS)
UNCANNY X-MEN* .....What You Give Is What You Get (CBS)
JAMES GRIFFIN & THE SUBTERRANEANS* ..... A Cure For Snakebite (CBS)
NEW ORDER ..... Brotherhood (CBS)
ADAM ANT ..... Greatest (CBS)
CHEAP TRICK .....The Doctor (CBS)
'TIL TUESDAY ..... Welcome Home (CBS)
CARL ANDERSON ..... Carl Anderson (CBS)
PUSH OF LOVE* .....Shake The Tree (CBS)
BRILLIANT .....Kiss The Lips Of Life (WEA)
MILES DAVIS .....Tutu (WEA)
KITARO ..... Tenku (WEA)
STEVE EARLE ..... Guitar Town (WEA)
RATT ..... Standing Under Cover (WEA)
a-ha ..... Scoundrel Days (WEA)
BIG PIG* ..... Hungry Town (FES)
HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS ..... Fore! (FES)
THE HOUSEMARTINS .....London O Hull 4 (FES)
TINA TURNER .....Break Every Rule (FES)
PETRA .... Captured In Time And Space (FES)
THE EDGE ..... 'Captive' Soundtrack (EMI)
BRIAN SETZER ..... The Knife Feels Like Justice (EMI)
LOOSE ENDS ..... Zagora (EMI)
SIMPLE MINDS ..... Alive And Kicking (EP) (EMI)
ELTON JOHN ..... Leather Jackets (POL)
BON JOVI .....Slippery When Wet (POL)
GWEN GUTHRIE .. Good To Go Lover (POL)
STATUS QUO ..... In The Army Now (POL)
LOVE AND MONEY ..... All You Need Is Love And Money (POL)
KOOL & THE GANG .....Celebrate (POL)
RUSH ..... Fly By Night (POL)
ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK ..... Greatest Hits (POL)

THE IMPLODING

LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

NEW L.P.

ON WATERFRONT RECORDS

INCLUDES...

GARGOYLE (1983) SPRINGTIME (1984)
ODE TO NOTHING / SEVEN YEARS (1985)
PLUS PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED MATERIAL

Presented by... certain music

MAINSTREAM JIVE

SINGLES

TW	LW	HP	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL
1	3	1	STUCK WITH YOU	Huey Lewis & the News	FES
2	16	2	• YOU'RE THE VOICE	John Farnham	RCA
3	5	3	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Communards	POL
4	1	1	TAKE MY BREATH AWAY (Love Theme From 'Top Gun')	Berlin	CBS
5	11	5	• YOU CAN CALL ME AL	Paul Simon	WEA
6	4	4	A MATTER OF TRUST	Billy Joel	CBS
7	2	1	VENUS	Bananarama	EMI
8	7	7	LADY IN RED	Chris De Burgh	FES
9	—	9	• TRUE BLUE	Madonna	WEA
10	6	3	TRUE COLOURS	Cyndi Lauper	CBS
11	12	11	WILD WILD LIFE	Talking Heads	EMI
12	13	12	BAD MOON RISING	Reels	FES
13	—	13	• WALK THIS WAY	Run-D.M.C.	POL
14	8	8	MAD ABOUT YOU	Belinda Carlisle	CBS
15	—	15	• EMOTION IN MOTION	Ric Ocasek	WEA
16	—	16	• HEARTACHE ALL OVER THE WORLD	Elton John	POL
17	—	17	IN TOO DEEP	Genesis	EMI
18	9	6	I COULD MAKE YOU LOVE ME	Wa Wa Nee	CBS
19	10	2	DANCING ON THE CEILING	Lionel Ritchie	RCA
20	—	20	• THE WAY IT IS	Bruce Hornsby	RCA

ALBUMS

TW	LW	HP	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL
1	5	1	• GRACELAND	Paul Simon	WEA
2	—	2	• WHISPERING JACK	John Farnham	RCA
3	2	2	TRUE STORIES	Talking Heads	EMI
4	3	3	THE BRIDGE	Billy Joel	CBS
5	1	1	TRUE COLORS	Cyndi Lauper	CBS
6	—	6	• FORE!	Huey Lewis & the News	FES
7	4	2	'TOP GUN' SOUNDTRACK	Various	CBS
8	6	1	REVENGE	Eurythmics	RCA
9	11	9	COCKER	Joe Cocker	EMI
10	8	2	INVISIBLE TOUCH	Genesis	EMI
11	16	11	• INTO THE LIGHT	Chris De Burgh	FES
12	—	12	• LEATHER JACKETS	Elton John	POL
13	13	1	TRUE BLUE	Madonna	WEA
14	9	1	WHITNEY HOUSTON	Whitney Houston	RCA
15	7	2	DANCING ON THE CEILING	Lionel Ritchie	RCA
16	15	13	GOSSIP	Paul Kelly & the Coloured Girls	FES
17	14	13	EYE OF THE ZOMBIE	John Fogerty	WEA
18	10	4	KEV'S BACK	Kevin 'Bloody' Wilson	CBS
19	12	4	PICTURE BOOK	Simply Red	WEA
20	20	19	COMMUNARDS	Communards	POL

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

DAVID SYLVIAN steps further away from the elegant wreckage of Japan with his second solo album in hand, *Gone To Earth*. STEVEN CADBURY gets to grips with his ambient muse. But who the hell is Dexter Poinsettia?

FOR someone who once reluctantly wore the mantle of "the most beautiful man in pop", it must come as sweet relief to David Sylvian to be able to melt into the crowd.

At tonight's select industry gathering, called ostensibly to welcome the former Japan singer to Australia and have him meet the press *en masse*, Sylvian savours his relative anonymity. If it weren't for an officious gaggle of publicity persons busily introducing him around, he'd doubtless be content to accept the odd glass of champers or Perrier whilst joining in the whispered chorus of those who've obviously failed to recognise him: "Which one's David Sylvian?"

You'd be forgiven your ignorance, and David wouldn't give a tinker's either way. Casually dressed in track pants and sweatshirt, wearing tinted bi-focals and looking much shorter and slighter than those soft-focus Japan videos ever let on, he looks more like an economics student than a one-time new romantic idol. What's thrown most of the would-be groupies is the fact he's let his hair grow out to its natural auburn: no more bottle-blond. The disguise is complete, and tends to complement his subtle change in musical direction since disbanding Japan four years ago.

In that time he's released two solo albums: 1984's debut *Brilliant Trees*, and the just-out double set appropriately entitled *Gone To Earth*. Both reflect a slightly more ambient muse for Sylvian, particularly his latest effort — featuring one record with vocals, and one exclusively instrumental. I'd interviewed him the day before this genteel press bash, and opened the questioning subtly enough ...

Why did Japan split?

"It just came to a point where it was right to stop."

THE PAST

OF COURSE, there's more to it than this. Sylvian first came to prominence through '78 to '82 as lead vocalist, composer and occasional guitar and keyboard player with Japan. Along with drummer (and brother) Steve Jansen, keyboardist Richard Barbieri, bassist Mick Karn and (for the most part) guitarist Rob Dean, he moved from savage glam with a limp wrist through Eurodisco a la Moroder to subtler works that basked in all the strength, light and colour of a stained-glass window. They grew up in public.

"Yeah. Made all our mistakes in public," says Sylvian in pained reflection. Then he tells of how — except for Dean — they really *did* grow up together as smalltown boys with instruments and ideas in common. Eventually a management and record company took notice of their pinup potential, but bullishly insisted on interfering with the band's music. Sylvian says it was a mess, and that their music was a caricature — a result of fighting against the people around them. They camped out on *Don't Rain On My Parade*, pouted *Adolescent Sex* and Sylvian himself looked for all the world like a studied cross between David Bowie and Marilyn Monroe backed by the *Misfits* from Mars.

"The first two albums are rubbish," he states firmly, totally disowning them as the by-products of naivete and lack of career control. Maturing musically together in an air of democratic suggestion, Japan later got more interesting. But with their signing to Virgin Records, and the pressures of immediate demand for long playing vinyl, Sylvian confesses to his dictatorship — causing a lot of upset and argument and almost leading to the breakup of the band. However, things were saved by a unanimous enthusiasm for their complete shift in direction. They snapped with sensual grace on *Gentlemen Take Polaroids* and made beauty and the beat with *Tin Drum*.

So why did they break up?

"We'd always agreed that if we wanted to do solo work, then we'd split up the band. I felt it was an interesting situation if we put everything into the group, in the hope that we could create music of a higher, more intense quality. But we found out Mick had been talking to our management and Virgin about doing a solo album, and my immediate reaction was to break it up.

"Mick didn't want to — he wanted both. So we thought about it for a few months. It was silly of me to try and persuade Mick not to do an album if that's what he really wanted, but at the same time I felt something was lost. It was difficult to keep a sense of humour then, so I just made the decision. We'd *all* sensed it was inevitable, though not everyone agreed, but I think it was the right one to make."

For the next year and a half he grew the blond out of his hair, drew and painted, took and exhibited polaroids. He then accepted Ryiuchi Sakamoto's invitation to put voice and lyrics to *Forbidden Colours*, from the *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* soundtrack. It was an important record to Sylvian in terms of restoring confidence and ability, and gave him inspiration to start work immediately on *Brilliant Trees*. On that LP, he worked with the treated trumpet of Jon Hassell and the idiosyncratic devices of Holger Czukay — not to mention contributions from Jansen, Sakamoto and Barbieri among many. And with that and since, he's sown a trichotomy of ambient music, pop, and the two in tandem. He's been in and out of studios with Hassell, Czukay, Jansen and Robert Fripp for releases that include the 12-inch instrumental muse, *Words With The Shaman*.

THE PRESENT

SO now he's down under with *Gone To Earth*. It's been a staggered recording — a drib here, a drab there. Including Jansen and Barbieri, the vocal work has a sizeable guest list, and over the two records there are constant contributions from master guitarists Fripp and Bill Nelson. The recording process sounds relaxed, as Sylvian strives for a creative atmosphere in which his chosen players can feel *involved*. If there's a rule at all, then it's freedom: open arrangements within a generally well-defined form.

"I choose the musicians very carefully, and people come to mind during the writing. If I had everything worked out to the last detail, it would be very unexciting to go into the studio. A mere technical process."

There is still beat to be found in his work. But where it exists, it is textural rather than tumultuous. The plangent brightness of *Silver Moon* resides beside the brooding waves of *River Man*, and all that he's done since Japan has gradually but surely joined the realms of the experimental. In a sense Sylvian has joined an ad hoc club, an ambient adventureland that includes Czukay, Fripp, Hassell, Harold Budd, Michael Brook, Brian Eno and the painter Russell Mills.

On reflection, Sylvian feels now that the later Japan recordings are mostly decorative and glossy: qualities he fervently strives to avoid in his current quest for direct communication through simplification, but he also admits that too rigid a form often overwhelms the improvisations of a piece. The major changes, however, are to do with his lyrics. These days they're like a game of choose-your-tangent, and depending on mood, can be spiritual, romantic or simply phonic. To me they suggest feeling rather than meaning, and he more or less agrees ...

"I try not to write directly of my own experiences, but about emotions and thoughts that come from them. Lyrics ought to have a more universal quality, that people can interpret in their *own* way. I think it would be pointless if they just listened to the music and thought 'Oh well, that's what he's been through then.' For music to last, it has to become personalised — be part of the listeners' lives. They should be able to relate it to things that they're going through, or experiences that have happened to them. I think that's true of all art — it has to become involved in the listeners' lives."

But what of abstraction and romanticism?

"Yeah, people often say romanticism. I worry about that 'cause it can imply a kind of divorcement from reality, and I hope that it isn't. Then again, many people would say that a belief in the spiritual world is divorced from reality."

And I'd be one of them, usually. But we're talking here of instincts instead of icons, sensitivity rather than sweetness. As for abstraction, he says this in summation of his lyrics: "They're quite straightforward. I don't think they're as abstract as they could be in context of what they're dealing with. I try to let them work on at least two levels — a very physical and a spiritual one."

Other voices are used too, like the living dialogue of sculptor and founding father of German's Green Party, Joseph Beuys; J.G. Bennett ("a philosopher of sorts"), and the late English poet Robert Graves. Bennett and Beuys died last year during the making of *Gone To Earth*, and Sylvian couldn't resist inclusion of their spoken words as a tribute. They blend very well, not only entertaining but broadening horizons.

THE FUTURE

WHAT's next from you, David?

"I'm not sure. I've ideas for instrumental and vocal recordings, and a couple of collaborations. But I've no idea what will come first."

Some projects are already imminent. An LP with Czukay is near completion, whilst vocal and lyrical guest appearances on Mick Karn's second solo album have been taped — which, interestingly, has been co-produced and drummed on by Steve Jansen. It transpires that Jansen and Barbieri have stuck together, and a joint soundtrack album for something to do with the Space Shuttle has just been released in the UK after a year spent in Nippon. They've also been picked up again by Virgin and are about to record. It's as if in all this mixing and matching, Japan never actually went away...

"Yeah," smiles Sylvian, then vents a polite spleen. "It's been difficult for them to get a deal. Mick's been dropped and picked up again by various companies, basically because the record industry is becoming increasingly narrow-minded. They're all aiming at the same market, and it's a very young one. If you're trying to do instrumental music, then you're banging your head against a brick wall as far as they're concerned. They're just not interested. Mick's album was made on a ridiculously miniscule budget that most people would only record singles on. But under the odds, he's made a great album."

Japan almost reformed last year. But at a meeting to consider same, it was concurred upon as a wrong move, a backtrack. Their relationship, it was judged, should only continue on individual projects.

Another possible projection for Sylvian is a return to live work. Outside of occasional ivory canoodling in New York piano bars under the guise of Dexter Poinsettia, Sylvian hasn't trodden a stage since Japan split. He'd like to assemble around eight young musicians for his next album and a mammoth world tour, but so far plans are nebulous.

More likely are environmental improvisations with smaller ensembles in galleries, chapels and clubs — music drawing from its surroundings and the feelings of its audience. This interests Sylvian more than touring, and he may accept a baptism of fire from Czukay in Germany — where along with ex Can members, these sort of gigs are performed regularly. He craves the taste of live improvisation, and will one day either spit it out or savour it. But I wonder if he misses something too. Communication? Applause?

"I *hope* it's not just for the satisfying of an ego. I still don't like the standard of general rock/pop performance, which is only pure entertainment. I always said that if I toured again, it would have to be from a more creative level. Improvisation that never occurred with Japan. And I thought that I'd do at least three vocal albums before I even considered it. It may happen at the turn of '87/88.

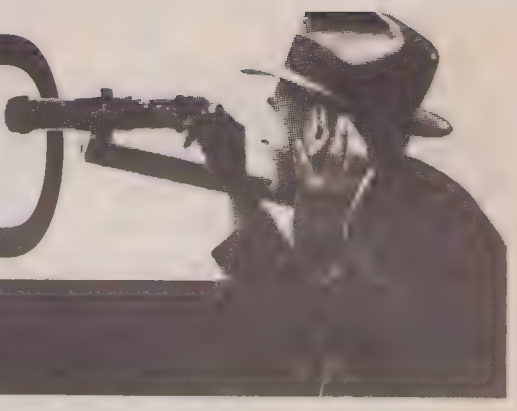
"I was never taken by touring. One night in ten would be special maybe, but I didn't see it as justification for the massive grind. The other members enjoyed it, but I've never thought it was more important than the recording. And I wouldn't take it on when I've got new ideas."

He considers himself something of a lazy person simply going through a relaxed and prolific period, happy enough with his work as it follows what for him is a logical train of thought.

Keep 'em coming, Dexter.

SEEN and HEARD

RECORDS • LIVE ACTS •



SIMPLE MINDS/DO.RE.MI
(Sydney Entertainment Centre)

This may well be the age of nostalgia, but it's not the first point in history at which all eyes have turned to the past for lost (or diluted) inspiration. It happens traditionally, whenever there's an economic downturn, mistrust in government or a resultant loss of faith and hope amongst the populace. Last time it happened, youth kicked out the jams (and shams) with any one of three dominant musical forms: punk, glam and disco. The ruling blimps of pomp-rock and the first hot-air wave of metal (often one and the same, a la Led Zeppelin) were deflated and brought to ground. Out of those left airborne (thus creative) sprang the likes of Simple Minds and Do.Re.Mi...

Ten years later (about five for the younger band), both are beginning to substitute loftiness for altitude. Few of either band's early fans were much in evidence tonight, replaced by an FM tidal wave of middle suburbia. An unavoidable side-effect of mass popularity, such homogeny has also left its mark on the creative landscape of both bands. Where Simple Minds have taken on something of a middle-age spread, DO.RE.MI seem to be succumbing to a form of musical *anorexia nervosa*. In their unfortunately vain attempts to reach every corner of this vast Ent. Cent. emporium, what once made Do.Re.Mi lean and deliciously hungry now rendered them merely emaciated. Starved of subtlety and tension, their set tottered and ultimately fell prey to the dreaded stadium disease: rockism. Who'd have thought it could happen to them?

They started confidently enough, backlit with tastefully projected slides of cactus as each member thumped and thwacked a familiar array of percussion. This after an intro tape of Ry Cooder's haunting *Paris, Texas* soundtrack. Then it turned into a rock show: Deborah Conway looked particularly gauche trying to play out the cliche in an uncharacteristic black mini-dress with white ankle-sox and school shoes. Her donning a guitar (prop value only) for the first two songs didn't help the incongruity, and it wasn't till *Idiot Grin* that she cast it aside and began to prowl the stage like an angry schoolmistress on an unknown mission. Though she made all the right ideological noises with song dedications to Amnesty (*Guns & Butter*, the hard-funking new single) and the ill-fated Fernando Pereira (the photographer who died in the *Rainbow Warrior* explosion), things went wrong. The back-projector broke down just when it was cued to beam Pereira's photographs behind *Save The Flowers*, and *Man Overboard* was marred by an overlong intro featuring guitarist Stephen Philip copping one of Dorland Bray's discarded drumsticks in the back of the head. That was actually funny, and pinpointed exactly what Do.Re.Mi lack — any trace of humour, pathos or sheer relatability. The audience merely clapped politely and stifled yawns as the whole band reverted to its percussion toys for the predictable finale (*1,000 Mouths*). Once imbued with brittle dramatics and a fine sense of musical tightrope-walking, Do.Re.Mi have fallen into a net held by their own worst enemy — the dull and worthy rock band. The could've been supporting the Oils...

SIMPLE MINDS couldn't have been further removed in one sense, but were uncannily close in another. Their music is now of a size befitting their grand lyrical vision, blossoming out of the vast rhythmic pulse of Mel Gaynor and new bassist John Giblin. Opening with the thunderous clout of *Waterfront*, this Simple Minds no longer bears any relation to the band who first snake-charmed us in 1981. Nor was it anything like the Simple Minds who crowned the first night of Narara '84, or brought down Selina's over two nights a week later. This is the world-size Simple Minds, now at the end of a year-long tour of duty.

But there is little trace of lethargy, no clues to overwork bar Jim Kerr's protestation after the second number, a slightly rushed version of *Speed Your Love:* "You'll have to excuse me, my voice is shot — you might have to sing this one!" So into *Come A Long Way*, which just about sums up how much this band have changed since their last visit.

(Pic: Ian Greene)

Yet Kerr remains constant: his voice may wear the husks of recent overuse, a slight paunch may well be hidden beneath his billowing knee-length shirt and long hair now frames the jowls, but the singer is nonetheless agile. There's the familar sideways runs across stage, the aerial kicks and Tai-Chi leaps, the crouch with outstretched hand — and the audience still clamours to touch him, to lovingly stroke a shoe or brush his fingers. Kerr is still reaching out, and the fans are reaching back. Only the band has changed...

Jim wasn't kidding when he said drummer Mel Gaynor now resides in an onstage cage (*see interview last issue*): veritably hemmed in by an arsenal of hardware, Gaynor pushed the band forward like a shunting locomotive — at times threatening to bulldoze them off the stage and into the first few rows. What he lacked in subtlety he made up for in sheer momentum, at the expense of the mix. Bassist Giblin was almost inaudibly decorative, whilst Charlie Burchill's guitar broke through only on rare occasions with its usual invigorating shimmer. Mick MacNeil's keyboards were everywhere, and now appear to assume almost exclusive dominance of the top end; his rippling piano and orchestral synths rolled round the rafters like lush greenery in a rainforest. If MacNeil was the canopy, Gaynor was the floor — between them, little light and shade in this instrumental thicket...

A hush came down as Jim mouthed a reverent intro to *Promised You A Miracle*: the first pre-*Sparkle In The Rain* song they'd done so far. Could the magic be preserved? We should've been prepared for the worst after the lengthy bass and guitar solos of *Ghost Dancing* (prefaced by a short dedication to Amnesty) and the inevitable singalonga antics of *Don't You Forget About Me*. The band galloped through *Miracle* ("from *New Gold Dream* — a brilliant album," announced Jim) as if it were a long-forgotten cover version. Its former stealthy sway had been usurped by a dull stadium thud, and one suspected they couldn't wait to get through it.

By the time the band got to *Once Upon A Time*, strapping backup singer Robin Clark took the stage whilst Jim changed into what looked like a rather fetching butcher's cloak. From here, the two singers took charge with a near-medley of songs from the last album. Ms Clark all but overshadowed Kerr with her shrill gospel tenor, and earned a huge ovation for her free-form throat gymnastics on *Alive & Kicking* and stirring call-and-response lines in *All The Things She Said*. In fact, by the encore she'd all but taken over, leading the band through ragged celebrations of such standards as Sly Stone's *Thank You* and *Dance To The Music*. Though previously Kerr and the band had enthralled the old fans with a restrained and emotional *Someone Somewhere In Summertime*, this no longer seemed to be a Simple Minds show. It was somehow bigger than them and bigger than both of us (the audience)...The music didn't seem to matter anymore. More a sense of community indulgence than active interaction between band and audience: the stage invaders finally broke ranks and slipped past token attempts at restraint by the roadies. Seemed most of them just wanted to dance onstage and show off, rather than get closer to the band and show their appreciation. In the end, Jim Kerr had to shout at them to get off.

Once home, I put on *New Gold Dream*. What I heard was a different band, and, overwhelmed by the futility of nostalgia, fell into a deep sleep.

PHIL STAFFORD

XS86

Almost New

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
Blood And Chocolate
(Imp-Import)

The above stuttering label identification is not a case of jumping the gun to review before local release, for it seems there will not be one. *Crazy!* But it's happened before, with the compilations *The Best Of Elvis Costello — The Man* and *Ten Bloody Marys And Ten How's Your Fathers* (a collection of assorted flip-sides, other takes and LP bonus singles). Now that Costello has the rights to his own material, it's being released and re-released on Imp, a branch of his own Demon Records. As yet, no one's taken up the option — if indeed one exists — of pressing and unleashing *Blood And Chocolate* here...So it's been left to local company ARC to distribute the disc at a slightly discounted import price of $19.99.

So Declan McManus is back to his usual trademark. Truth be told, back to a lot of things — the usual band, the usual producer. In fact, this album flexes all the swaggering muscle of *This Year's Model* — the Attractions' debut — and abounds in references to points bluesy through psychedelic, from pumped-up rock to well-dressed ballads. OK, nothing new there as far as the Costello catalogue goes, but it's all fired in raw overtones and linked sporadically by rough tongue and strum. Not that he's swearing again, but there's fresh acid in them there words. But as always, Costello tempers his lines with a wide scope of views and emotions. He gets dirty on global politics, tears out a frustrated heart, sneers sarcasm and falls hopelessly in love. He toys with words or plays them straight, takes his subjects to task and engulfs them in good tunes.

Blood And Chocolate is a slipstream of sadness and anger, a personal-to-panorama of love and war, produced (sixth time) by Nick Lowe — who also strums a lot of *akoustika guitaro* (the credits are in Esperanto). In his grooming of the album's fine array of dynamics, sweet chords and fiery edges, he's delivered the most *total* Attractions sound since *Get Happy!* Costello commits frequent bursts of electric slash. Steve Nieve fingers echoing piano chunks and dreamy organ swirls, and Bruce Thomas and Pete Thomas drive solid groundswells. Tonally, the sound often recalls Dylan and the Band, as well as zooming in on occasion for a quick strafe of rolling r'n'b or tape-in-reverse. Costello croons from imploring to hurt, from a whisper to a breaking rasp, positively choking at points in his expression.

There are no guests here, no duets no cover versions. Just a few vocal lines and a co-write from wife (and Pogue bassist) Cait O'Riordan. It's bleeding *fantastic*. Together with Declan's delicious solo effort a few months ago — *King Of America* (nearly nine years since *My Aim Is True*) — it's his best work in eons.

Cheers...it's been a good year for the glasses.

STEVEN CADBURY

(Pic: Camerarter

THE CHURCH
(Manning Bar, Sydney Uni)

The band we all thought would never change is doing just that, albeit slowly. On the last Church tour, there was a noticeable tendency to "rock out", and this trend is continuing. Of course, there have always been songs like *When You Were Mine* in their repertoire which combine an almost heavy rock approach with the lustre and sparkle that makes the Church's sound so distinctive, but on this night, the gap between the polished pop of *Heyday* and their live attack was more pronounced than ever.

Not that this is necessarily a bad thing; the opening song, a frantic *Constant In Opal*, was a sublime rush of sound, Kilbey spitting out the words as fast as they would come to him. The gorgeous *Electric Lash*, the only relic of Kilbey's glam influences, also benefitted from the rough treatment, as the song's inherent sense of dynamics provided some breathing space. Another song which exemplified this power-with-finesse approach was *Tristesse*, a tune which positively sighs with jangling beauty — Peter Koppes' and Marty Willson-Piper's guitars threading their magic lacework over Kilbey's characteristic throbbing bass.

Following their policy of dusting off a different selection of older material for each tour, *Fly* and *In This Room* were thoughtful inclusions in the set. Although the muscle of Richard Ploog's drums was added to *Fly*, the swirling, sleepwalking feel was retained. The steady, subdued pulse of the verses of *In This Room* swelled into each chorus, rendering eerie the line *'There are no windows in this room where we've been sitting all our lives'*. These were two of the most restrained and (by no coincidence) effective songs of the evening.

Only one new song was unveiled — *Frozen Distant*, another example of the atmosphere that can be evoked with only four or so chords and a well-considered arrangement, which slotted in quite nicely beside the songs from *Heyday*.

On the fashion side of things, Peter now sports a rather serious looking beard, while Marty opts for a peaked cap (see young Dylan, or Lennon circa *Help!*). It's interesting to note that as the rock'n'roll side of the Church gradually becomes more prominent live, a growing onstage confidence in all four members is emerging (this is especially true of Marty, who had a *ball*). Maybe the Church are finally preparing for the stadiums...

If any band could be said to have made predominantly 60s influences relevant to the 80s, it must be the Church. A timeless grasp of melody, dynamics and song structures, coupled with Steven Kilbey's ever more impressive vocals and the best guitar and (natural) drum sounds *ever* make this band worth seeing on any occasion — even if some of their subtlety seems to have been lost. A truly divine experience.

JOHN ENCARNACAO

He's the Voice (Pic: Tom Takacs)

JOHN FARNHAM
Whispering Jack
(Starcall/RCA)

OK, turn the Fairlight on, let's set the wheels in motion. Striking a palatable balance between electronic programming and human input, *Whispering Jack* proves that not only can Australians build a synthesiser of the quality of the Fairlight, but that we're actually learning to play it. The "we" comprises John Farnham himself, producer Ross Fraser and keyboards man Dave Hirschfeld, the three of whom make up the album's creative nucleus. And without the image constraints that LRB put on him, Farnham's moved further into a musical scenario more befitting his vocal potential.

Whispering Jack is not a record at all, actually — it's a handkerchief to wipe the sweaty brows of 2-Day FM playlist compilers who're under pressure to provide an increasing percentage of Australian content without losing their Whitney Houston audience. Thank you John? No — thank Glenn Wheatley, who was one of the first homegrown managers to see the word "music" spelt: B.I.L.L.B.O.A.R.D.U.S.A.

You've already fallen in love with the single, *You're The Voice*; the disloyal bastards who played no part in making the single No. 1 can now mend their ways by buying Whispering Jack's "just-in-time-for Xmas" present. Then get ready to dance, 'cause this is designer dancefloor stuff with more than a fleeting glance towards those of us who think with our crotches (who does that leave?) Both Eric McCusker and Ross Wilson (Mondo Rock) pop up on songwriting credits, as does Farnham himself on the final track *Let Me Out*, adding to a collection of the most inoffensive lyrics since Paul McCartney's last nursery rhyme.

The McCusker-penned *Pressure Down* could well be the next single, but it'll be up against some competition for pop listeners' ears — not the least of which is the Side One closer *Going Going Gone*, with its snappy Genesis-inspired brass lines courtesy of The Synthesiser, of course. And we all know where Genesis got 'em from...

A positive and professional creation, *Whispering Jack* won't need to be hidden behind your Mentals collection. Now, could the last person out of the bunker please turn the Fairlight off?

STEPHEN KIELY

THE PRETENDERS

GET CLOSE

The new Pretenders album
with the new single 'Don't Get Me Wrong'

Produced by Bob Clearmountain
and Jimmy Iovine

SIRE

record, cassette and soon on CD

Marketed by WEA Records Pty. Limited. A Warner Communications Company

SEEN and HEARD

RECORDS • LIVE ACTS

America Beckons...

HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
(The Venue, Melbourne)

Does Mark Seymour really want to be the next Michael Hutchence? The only logical step from being a pub-rock missionary is into the heady realms of teen-stardom, and this no-alcohol farewell proved that the Hunters have most of the prerequisites for the big move.

An opening *Throw Your Arms Around Me* is greeted with polite sighs and a sea of waving arms, and a smiling Seymour dives right into the adulation. He struts through the spotlight with the downhome flair of a Johnny Cougar, and the Venue's sprung dance floor is soon moving in sympathy.

Unfortunately (after a solitary, scruffy slam dancer is ejected by bouncers to crowd acclaim), Mark slows things down to a torpor with his concerned singer-songwriter bracket. It's here that the limitations of his anguished howl and one-and-a-half riffs become most obvious. A nadir is reached with a ballad about wicked World War One colonels, and it's with palpable relief that band and audience steam back into action with *Stuck On You, Dog* and *The Slab*.

When the Hunters are firing at this temperature, the uniqueness of their hard-won *Human Frailty* groove becomes obvious. The relentless, unswinging rhythm and the strictly classical brass lines make for a strangely 'Australian' sound that might still be just a little too flinty for international mass consumption. But if MTV can market Mark's biceps as they did Hutchence's pout, he's in there with a fighting chance. The valley girls of the USA have never taken anything quite as tough as this to their hearts, but if they do, it's going to be worth hearing the philosophical justifications in the next round of Seymour interviews. Say goodbye, guys, but don't stay away too long...

ADRIAN RYAN

(Pic: Mark Green)

Rare Spirit & Stale Beer

VARIOUS ARTISTS
A Slab Of Vic
(Au-Go-Go)

Last year's *Asleep At The Wheel* compilation was a strident reminder that Melbourne's guitar bands had been cooking up some potent, distinctive brews in a period when Sydney seemed to have a monopoly on six-string noise. *A Slab Of Vic* doesn't have quite the same atmosphere of discovery: pressing delays have meant that most of the surviving acts here are already well set on their careers, while at least half-a-dozen of them are already defunct.

Compiler Gavan Purdy has nevertheless put together a colourful, varied document of a volatile scene and deserves kudos for some deft programming. Side One charts the obsession with mutant blues and country that distinguishes Melbourne guitar beat. There's enough slide guitar and Bo Diddley rhythms here to satiate even a diehard 70s boogie freak.

Fortunately, there's a prevailing sense of humour that keeps the gothicisms at bay. **The Law** provide this record's neatest couplets on *White Man's Law*, where the singer adopts the persona of a stroppy Koori and boasts *'I drank a flagon of port last night/broke a white man's arm in a fight...'* On the **Zimmermen**'s sinister *Spy In The House Of Love*, John Dowler's theatrical drawl demolishes a string of psycho-swamp cliches, and Ian Stephen of the **Slaughtermen** serves up southern evangelism with wicked verve on *Jesus Saves White Trash (Like Me)*.

King Jerklews pump out some inconsequential, enjoyable hoedown, while Geelong's **Behind The Magnolia Curtain** shine with a laconic mix of refried Gun Club and HM guitar. The only bands taking matters at all seriously are **Fire Below** and **Cattletruck** — the latter's *Roadhouse Girl* is saved from bar-band ordinariness only by the efficiency of its groove.

Side Two provides a more predictable selection of 60s-isms; **Shower Scene From Psycho** are the only real demolition agents, with a typically cruel deconstruction of *Let's Dance* that features guitarist Feedback Jack at his mind-warping best. The **Inner Sleeves, Gas Babies, Bo-Weevils** and **Arctic Circles** go through their usual tricks with uniform vigour, and **Shindiggers** steal marks for conciseness with a 1.26 blast out on the Yardbirds' *A Certain Girl*. The **Wet Ones**' gender twist on *Everlovin' Man* is curiously affecting in this all-boys-together context, while maverick CIA agent **Onie J. Holey** takes both the Cramps and Tony Joe White to the butcher's on the hilarious *Catnip*.

There's nothing much on this album that provides the shock of the new, but in combination with two dozen cans of the product advertised on the cover, it should provide the basis for a reasonable summer party.

ADRIAN RYAN

THE WET ONES
It's A Pre-Moistened World
(Polyester — EP)

The first thing that strikes you about the Wet Ones' debut four-track EP is a distinct absence of malice — it belies their reputation as the female counterpart of the Hard Ons. Not that that should worry the Wet Ones, since despite their posturing the Sydney boys are about as non-threatening, whereas the Wet Ones are twice as funny. They take the good-natured trash line, cleverly exploiting the all-girl stereotype with enough suss and sardonic humour to turn the cliche against itself.

The record kicks off with a track written by Simon Grounds from Shower Scene From Psycho. With predictably twisted humour, *Next Summer* parodies all those drippy Summer Love songs: *'We'll fit together like elastic bands/and I won't care about his clammy hands/or the way he dribbles when he tells me that he loves me/on the hot sand.'*

We Are The Wet Ones is their stomping Go-Go-esque anthem, co-written with Fred Negro from I Spit On Your Gravy, and featuring some great uncredited brass. Meanwhile a cover of the Standells' *Try It* is a salute to the legacy of the Wet Ones' all-girl counterparts from a less liberated time. *No Good Boyo* is an encouraging exposure of the band's own songwriting talents and, it should be noted, indicates they're not averse to the odd boyish guitar solo — in the most tasteful way, of course.

Priceless, pre-moistened, post-feminist pop — 'cos girls just wanna have... er... a fuzzbox? Use it today...

MARK CAREY

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE JUKES
At Least We Got Shoes
(RCA)

Because Bruce Springsteen has so successfully stamped his image onto urban r'n'b, many bands — fellow New Jerseyites the Jukes included — tend to sound like outtakes from the Boss's last session.

At Least We Got Shoes is no exception. A shame, reallly — there are moments of pneumatic musical heartbreak here to keep any dancefloor alive. *Till The End Of The Night* features the classic Italian-American formula: "my heart is soft, but my cock is hard". They really pull it off, especially on the cover of *I Only Want To Be With You* (which will score highly with amphetamine freaks, but it's just another beer compared to Annie Lennox's version). The urgently undynamic rendition of *Walk Away Renee* adds nothing to Rickie Lee Jones'...let alone the Four Tops'.

Johnny Lyon scores writing or co-writing credits on six of the ten songs, and if nothing else displays his r'n'b fandom by openly stating his influences.

At least we got shoes — but does this album have legs?

STEPHEN KIELY

THE UMBRELLAS
The Umbrellas
(Sound Of Music)

Here's something more than a little left of field. A chamber jazz combo? Ambient neo-classical? Whatever it is, this isn't your usual pop album. Piano, woodwinds, reeds, marimba, vibes and double bass — it's not your usual lineup, either. The Umbrellas, in fact, are downright unusual. And, I suspect, proud of it.

They're led by keyboardist Peter Dasent, who arrived on these shores back at the turn of the decade with quirky NZ popsters, the Crocodiles (singer: Jenny Morris). Since then, Dasent has been involved in a slightly more bent group (I Am Joe's Music, with lunchtime legend Fane Flaws) and an eclectic swing band (Le Combo) and written music for theatre, TV and ballet both here and at home across the Tasman. The Umbrellas, naturally enough, are something else again. Or perhaps a combination of all that. If you know what I mean.

The music moves from meditative piano constructions with vaguely unsettling harmonic shifts into full-blown ensemble pieces that go for baroque, pitching angular bassoon and oboe lines against tinkling percussion. Here and there, Mark Simmonds' robust tenor sax flowers forth in a hothouse jazz solo, or Dasent himself trips up the listener with some sly, cheesy organ straight out of an ancient TV game show. If you're not sure whether to maintain a respectful silence like the live audience here, or laugh aloud at the wit and humour in these pieces, the titles might provide a clue: *Guano Fandango, Bear Dinkum, Grey Couch*...Obviously the Umbrellas aren't entirely serious.

Or are they? Who cares? One thing's for sure, the musicianship is assured — formidable, even — and the live recording, free of gadgetry and effects, is pristine. This is what happens when free spirits turn their umbrellas upside down and make musical soup out of whatever unlikely elements rain into them. And the parched local scene is left just a little better nourished.

CHRIS STAFFORD

PRIMEVILS/
HOT PROPERTY
(Harold Park Hotel, Sydney)

Tex Deadly, luminous local visionary of Salamander Jim and Beasts Of Bourbon fame and surely the biggest legend on his own block, has resurfaced with a band set to become the hottest property in Sydney — named, you got it, HOT PROPERTY. Hot Property bill themselves as a "new wave" outfit, and are totally devoid of all the qualities that have made rock'n'roll so boring — namely taste, style, originality, professionalism and talent. In the past Tex may have been serious about being wildly excessive, but I doubt the wildly excessive Hot Property could be serious about anything.

A 100 percent covers outfit, they are a celebration of 70s kitsch in all its glory, taking these vacuous pieces of pop's excess garbage and giving them the treatment they thoroughly deserve. Thrill to the sound of such gems as *Computer Games, My Sharona, April Sun In Cuba, Jail Break* and the showstealer *Float On* — all mercilessly subjected to badly-distorted guitars, tuneless harmonies and less than...er, dynamic drumming (courtesy of Tex himself). Not to mention gold lame pants, platform shoes, green satin flares and the most hideous wigs you've ever laid eyes on. In some places the lyrics are forgotten and brilliantly substituted with *'blah blah blah'*, which is probably more intelligent than the original anyway. Talk about the Reels doing "deconstructions" of other people's songs — Hot Property leave them for dead. And I love it.

The ambiguous billing had Hot Property listed as an "Adelaide band", and I wondered if this was an attempt to capitalise on the city of churches' reputation for spawning tasteless bands. Yet it turned out that the real Adelaide band was the headlining act, the PRIMEVILS — and I'll tell you what, if Adelaide isn't renowned for tasteless music, one thing it is renowned for is good grunge. The Primevils are prime exponents of hard, loud, raw guitar noise, coming from a city that's bursting with relentless energy at the moment. It seems this band contains some of Tex's old mates from his Salamander Jim days, and they take that subversive SJ sound off into even wilder territory. Furious distortion and feedback are typical throughout, as is a tense undercurrent of violence that surfaces in the lyrics of numbers such as *Final Solution* and *Whipping Tree*.

***Way Up Inside You* is a new twist on the old theme of (utter) ignorance, given particularly nasty treatment. The singer is one of those unkempt young men who can be angry without necessarily resorting to aggression as he snarls and spits and bites down hard on the end of the words, occasionally supplementing his gravel-gnashed vocals with sharp squeals from a dismembered French horn.**

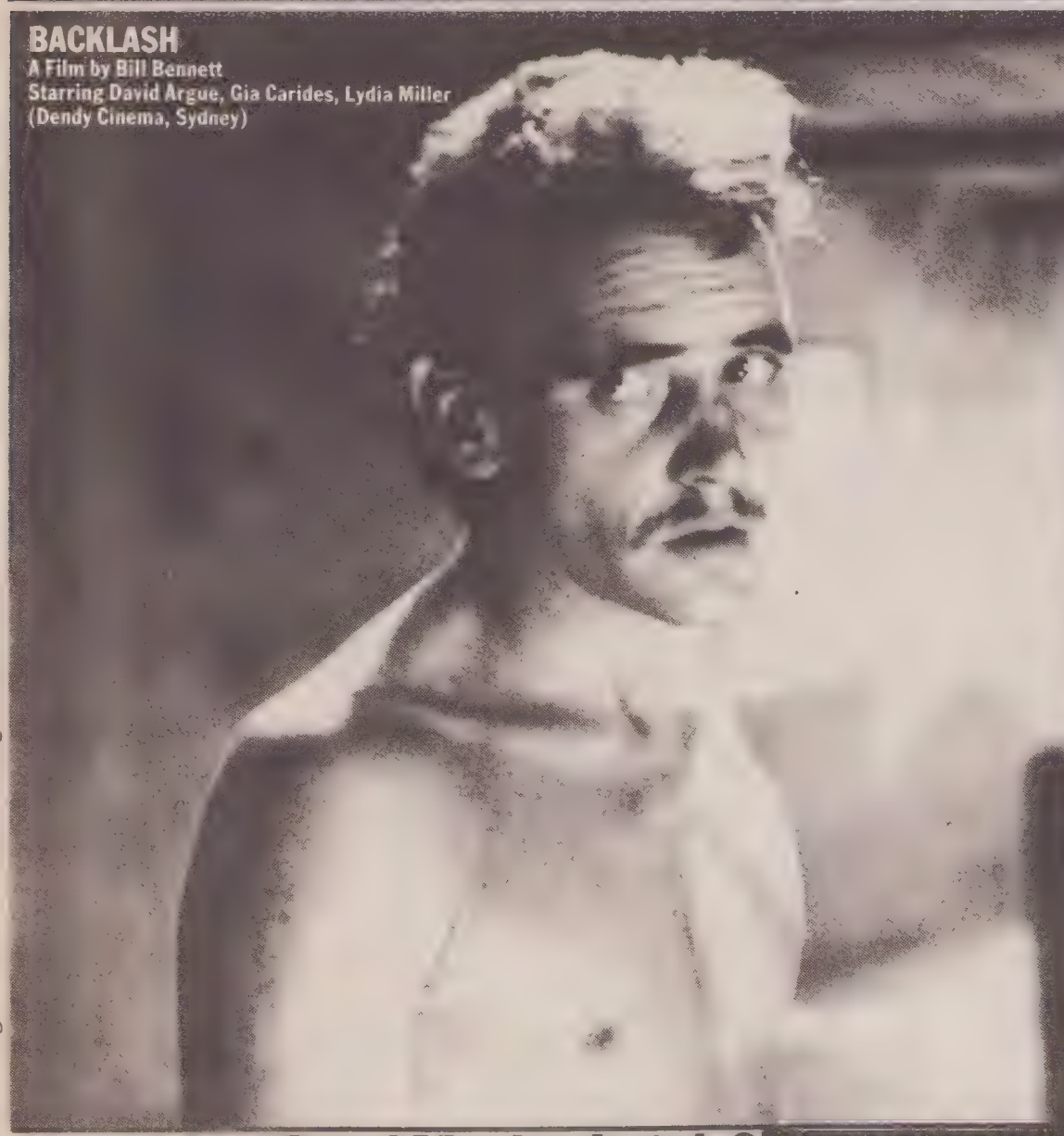
You can cry "underground" and "garage band" as much as you like, but all you'll really want to do is dance. On the other side of the coin, make up your own mind about Hot Property, but remember that just because the joke is obvious, it doesn't mean it isn't funny. Get down!

ELIZABETH PADDISON

SEEN and HEARD

RECORDS • LIVE ACTS • FILMS + THEATRE

BACKLASH
A Film by Bill Bennett
Starring David Argue, Gia Carides, Lydia Miller
(Dendy Cinema, Sydney)



David Argue (Const. Trevor Darling) sans uniform

Talk about an unlikely pair of cops. Trevor Darling (David Argue) looks like a little boy playing in dad's hat, which is big enough to pull down over his ears. He is so seemingly empty in his threats and abuse that you laugh at his veneer of toughness. He is a sarcastic, arrogant know-it-all, stupid enough to cause trouble rather than prevent or deal with it. When, in an early scene, probationary constable Nikki Iceton (Gia Carides) calls him a maniac, you can't help but nod your head in agreement.

She, on the other hand, is a spoilt little rich girl who is not too sure of herself, or about being in uniform, and is certainly used to more gentlemanly conduct than that of this uncouth bastard with whom she has been lumped. His contemptuous disregard for proper procedure is opposed by her initially timid desire to uphold it, and the resulting tension is more often than not played for laughs.

Backlash could have been just another pompous Australian bush epic, but the bitching interplay of the characters adds a humorous edge without turning the movie into an empty comedy. It is still a serious study of ill-prepared people attempting to cope with a situation not of their own choosing. Their assignment is to extradite and escort, or 'chauffeur' as Darling calls it, an alleged murderess (Kath, played by Lydia Miller) back to the outback town in which the killing occurred. As an Aboriginal, Kath's bush survival skills earn her instant equality with her captors when they become stranded in the middle of nowhere.

That may sound a bit thin as far as storylines go, but the inter-relations and antics of these characters are fascinating, particularly considering that the dialogue was improvised from a 27-page scene breakdown.

Backlash may be low budget, but it is by no means another dull and worthy 'change the world' underground film. It is in fact great cinema. The photography is at times startling, sounds are crisp (perhaps due to the use of radio mikes) and the music by Michael Atkinson and Michael Spicer (Redgum) is sometimes more focal than the visuals, without being annoying.

On the strength of *Backlash*, Bill Bennett deserves to join the ranks of our foremost film-makers. May its deserved success vindicate the hassle of searching for money in the wilds of North Queensland, as he did to raise the capital for this excellent film.

RAY FARLEY

Heard Any Good Movies Lately?

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Top Gun
Cobra
Ruthless People
— Soundtracks (CBS)

Soundtrack albums are hurtling through the marketplace like so many air-to-air missiles, so it's fitting to start with the music from the new air-combat/macho/thrill/epic *Top Gun*, a mindless slice from the life of a gung-ho fighter jock, starring Tom Cruise. (What a name! — from the people who brought you Rip Torn!)

This scattering of tracks from Kenny Loggins, Cheap Trick, Berlin and the repulsively named Loverboy proves, if nothing else, the lasting truth of Tom Lehrer's adage from the early 60s. He complained that most film music is simply a form of insurance on the part of the producers, the idea being that you can make back on the record whatever you lost on the movie.

The whole process owes a lot to the success of *Miami Vice*, which pioneered the use of songs during chase scenes: actual songs, with lyrics that bear no relation whatever to the action on screen. Taking this idea to the movies, producers have deduced that you don't have to be making a musical to pull an album out of your flick: just litter the story with a bunch of irrelevant pop anthems!

Which brings us back to the *Top Gun* album. Witness the use of the Miami Sound Machine, who also make an appearance on the soundtrack of Stallone's latest vehicle, *Cobra*. Note also that any of these songs could be dubbed onto a *Miami Vice* show without anyone batting an eyelid. Any of them could chart, and none is particularly outstanding.

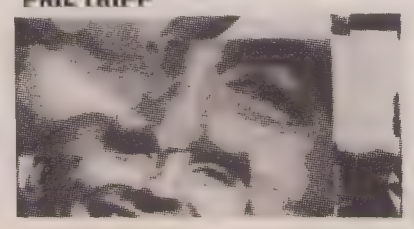
All tracks make heavy use of wide stereo separation of electronic drums, and the apocalyptic keyboards could be Emerson Lake & Palmer doing *Pictures At An Exhaust Pipe*. The studio sound is scrubbed clean and the songs are harmless pop, which is an interesting contrast to a tale of demented macho stereotypes flying around in squillion-dollar death machines. But as I say, the songs aren't designed to experience. They are designed to sell.

The inane babblings of Sylvester Stallone are beautifully complemented by the rubbish on the soundtrack of *Cobra*. Titles like *Voice Of America's Sons, Hold On To Your Vision* and *Angel Of The City* set the tone, developing(?) a theme of thwarted heroes hitting back hard at the world.

This latter-day Dirty Harry wants to off a few fruitcakes, and how better to do it than with angst-ridden rock anthems about dignity and the American Way blaring through the filthy city night?

Still, the genre can produce a decent album. Far and away the best to stumble into the RAM office of late is the soundtrack of *Ruthless People*. I don't know anything about the movie, which probably helps. But if you like Mick Jagger, Billy Joel, Bruce Springsteen and our own Machinations, they're all here — along with Kool & the Gang and a whole lot of other people. The production is excellent, in stark contrast to *Cobra*, which sounds like poison. I suppose that after spending the money to enlist the services of some of these people, they decided to do it right. Some of the songs are pure formula cornball. But what the hell — so are most movies, right?

PHIL TRIPP



MARTIN STEPHENSON & THE DAINTEES
Boat To Bolivia
(Kitchenware)

Newcastle, UK: home of the Kitchenware label and the mighty Prefab Sprout, the Kane Gang, the lesser known Hurrah and the long-serving Daintees. Their debut album's been a long time coming. Most of the songs are dated at the earlier end of '83 to '85, with one going back as far as '81. Perhaps Kitchenware have been hard pressed keeping a grip on the sales success of the Sprout Gang — or maybe the cliche's true that all good things take ages.

The Daintees' sound shares similar gentle strengths with the Prefabs, but is generally steeped in greater traditionalism. Sometimes folky, sometimes blues, a little country, even a touch of ragtime: this is ye olde singer/songwriter stuff, along the lines of a good humoured Leonard Cohen or a rejuvenated Ray Davies.

Martin Stephenson sings of anything — from a song of comfort on one sister's broken lesbian love affair to one on another's miscarriage. He defends serious drinking with the reasoning that feeling blue is better than feeling nothing, and tells the true tale of a hold-up with a plastic gun where the victim died of heart failure. Anything, from romance to the stuff of dreams; kitchen-sink realities to bedroom fancies, all sung with a fine range of feelings — Stephenson rockets from touching to tongue-in-cheek.

The music embellishes the moods succinctly, from the darkly acoustic solo spot of *Rain* through the swelling string-soaked balladry of *Caroline* to r'n'b riffing riot of *Looking Down Look Down*. No two tracks are alike here, but all are *definitely* Daintees. And the production by Gil Norton is quietly devastating: no crunching overkill, gadgetry or scratching — just songs, and sounds to suit them.

Boat To Bolivia is an idiosyncratic pleasure cruise on a wave of wonders. Let's hope it's not three years till the next port of call.

STEVEN CADBURY

HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS
Fore!
(Festival)

Who'd have ever thought that a goodtime Bay area bar band would leap out of its San Francisco habitat and conquer the world? Probably not Huey Lewis. But that's exactly what he and the News have done; and with *Fore!*, their fourth album (you should've guessed), their global success shows no signs of waning. There are no obvious reasons why record buyers the world over should have taken this unprepossessing rock'n'roll band to their hearts, other than the ease with which they toss out singles that flow effortlessly across the airwaves, containing hooks that stick fast.

This album has two such tracks, *The Power Of Love* and *Stuck With You*. Both tread the same territory, being mid-paced, streamlined rockers which hint at the band's bluesy roots. They tell us that Huey is a good guy in a big, bad world, friendly, unpretentious and unaffected by his success. He probably hasn't even got around to hanging his swag of platinum records on the toilet wall because he'd rather nip down the local bar for a few beers and a game of pool with the lads.

This album is perfect for long, hot afternoons on the beach, Sunday evening barbeques and like, cruising the strip. The singles aside, there's a cute piece of acappella (*Naturally*), a shot of rootsy r'n'b in *Whole Lotta Lovin'* which contains the prize line, *'My mini bar's empty but I'm still alive'*, and intermittent toots from the very capable Tower Of Power horns.

It's an album which sums up the same, likeable side of Americana as its predecessors. Huey's aim is true — go ask Elvis.

GRANT CALTON

THE COMMUNARDS
The Communards
(London)

Considering Jimmy Somerville's claims that he left Bronksi Beat because of Larry and Steve's lack of commitment to the cause of gay socialism, it is more than mildly surprising that this debut outing by Jimmy's new combo tips the lightweight fluff scales less perceptively than the Bronskis ever did. The Communards continue Jimmy's flirtations with disco and most other nightclub musique, veering dangerously close to cabaret.

On the debit side, *Don't Leave Me This Way* — though it has a great arrangement — is simply out of Jimmy's range. The backing vocals provided by Sarah Jane Morris outdistance him in strength and style. His voice is best when it's plaintive and yearning, or when it soars against a simple backdrop. He just doesn't have the power or authority to do justice to a classic like *Don't Leave Me . . .*

La Dolarosa is melodramatic RSL music, like Andy Williams at his best, and Tom Jones at his worst. *So Cold The Night* rambles into unsuccessful mid-eastern disco melange. *You Are My World* is trite and grating, *Heavens Above* forgettable, and *Forbidden Fruit* a jazzy but dull trip into Casablanca nightclubbery.

As far as credit goes, *Disenchanted* — the second single — is the best offering of the set, even if it is locked into a numbing 70s disco beat. The interpretation of *Lover Man* features a keening vocal duet against a sparse and effective backing, while *Don't Slip Away* revels in a Motown/Stax dance mix. *Reprise*, dedicated to Margaret Hilda Thatcher, uses Jimmy's voice well, but ultimately fails to provide anything of substance.

Which is exactly where the whole thing falls apart . . .

JON CASIMIR

STATE OF EMERGENCE LAUNCH
(University of Queensland Refectory, Brisbane)

At last, a compilation album emerges out of Brisbane, and to celebrate this historic event, of course there had to be a record launch. So it was that 11 of the 14 bands on 4ZZZ's *State of Emergence* album came together to provide a night of fun, variety and inevitable delays: a logistical nightmare indeed, with band changeovers the obvious main offender.

By the time I AM VERTICAL came on the mix was still sounding shaky, which didn't do justice to the first two acoustic songs they performed. The acoustic version of their album track, *Two Hands* was a bit sparse, but that in itself was refreshing. The band also showed diversity by playing a held-back funk number, then moving onto their well-known New Order sound.

THANKS FOR THE FISH, winners of the recent Brisbane Bandshake, once again played admirably, with high energy staccato rhythm guitar, bass and tight drumming. The female singer has the versatility to either belt out songs or ease into velvet-soft vocal territory, just as the band can move from rock to funk into sonic darkness.

The female lead singer of 1313 MOCKINGBIRD LANE also has a strong, rich voice which compliments the driving power of the band. A distorted guitar, solid drums and a well-played bass give 1313 Mockingbird Lane the scope to perform Siouxsie-type songs, with just a hint of grunge. The bass player and guitarist swap instruments and the guitarist also helps out on vocals, adding colour to the songs. Even though still fairly basic, this band will no doubt improve rapidly.

THE EDGE (aka On Edge) provided good, snappy girl pop, with catchy melodies and refined vocals and harmonies. You may remember this band from their EP of last year — now newly-formed as The Edge, they still need to tighten up a little. But if you like pop, you'll love this band.

State of Insurgence (Pic: Michael Richards)

Long-standing Brisband POST NO BILLS are capable of thrashing out songs in classic punk style, or moving to lighter, more melodic fare. All band members sing, and styles change accordingly. TRASH OF ALL NATIONS also feature male and female vocalists, and use a muted trombone to add scope to their fairly basic rhythm repertoire.

A touch of the avant garde was added to the night courtesy of WONDROUS FAIR (ex-Tangled Shoelaces). With six members, they're able to experiment with a good range of instruments — namely violin, flute, piano accordian, keyboards, xylophone and an extensive battery of percussion. This band somehow manage a full blend of instruments whilst still sounding sparse. An acappella piece they performed went down particularly well...which only adds to the confusion.

FIESTA TROPICALE later injected an energetic dose of Latin-American music — let's mambo! Whilst slightly lacking in the lyric department, they're nonetheless a good party band who are a cinch to dance to.

The other bands of the evening — ONE BIG UNION, DOG FISH CAT BIRD and TRUSTED FEW — all mine the vein of the rhythmic pop song. Each has individual good points, but their songs for the most part were not particularly memorable. Pleasant, but hardly startling.

Of course you can assess for yourself the overall quality of these bands by listening to the *State Of Emergence* album. Most of the artists included either have overt political messages or are political in nature, and all aim to highlight the repressiveness of Queensland society. Probably the biggest disappointment of the evening was the fact that the REVOLUTIONARY CHORUS couldn't get its act together to perform *Joh Must Go*. But by that time only those with true stamina would have appreciated it anyway...

SUE WILLIAMSON

THE BLACK LIGHT THEATRE OF PRAGUE
(Seymour Centre, Sydney)

The Black Light Theatre of Prague is an acutely inventive group of artists poised between the worlds of acting, magic and puppetry. They can conjure up the most delightfully surreal situations with nothing more than a ball and chain, or a fish and a smile, or a sheet which transforms itself into a horse with beer steins for hooves. The depth of inventiveness displayed by the Czechs is nothing short of phenomenal.

This tour's programme features ten skits in a 'Best Of' compilation that covers the 27-odd years the Theatre has existed under the creative leadership of Jirir Srnec. One of the basic stylistic themes of the show is that inanimate objects are likely to take on playful, absurd and joyous lives of their own, forming strange relationships with actors and one another.

In *Water, Water*, a fisherman takes home his catch and dreams he's caught a mermaid instead. The water level in the apartment begins rising and all matter of simple illusions are employed to wrap the viewer up in a world both sensible and anarchic.

Each skit is executed with consummate smoothness and professionalism. This is no mean feat when objects are constantly flying through the air and wreaking havoc everywhere. The lighting, too, is a potent mixture of brightness and shadow, allowing the puppeteers to effect maximum control over their runaway charges.

The Black Light Theatre Of Prague presents a world of beauty and naivete, of human relationships in various guises on various levels. Its unique vision of theatre is a rich and dynamic one: if the opportunity arises again, make sure you see them.

CRAIG N. PEARCE

MARBLE MUSIC

THE EVERY BROTHERS

GREASY POP RECORDS
ADELAIDE . SOUTH AUSTRALIA

6 TRACK MINI ALBUM — GPR 123

Taking acoustic guitars and pop harmonies out of Adelaide's coffee shops and into the lounge rooms of the world.

TERRY BRADFORD sidesteps from JULY 14th and GREG WILLIAMS carries on from PLAY LOUD.

"Take out your earplugs and rejoice the jangle"

ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE WITH 4 EXTRA PLAY LOUD TUNES (2 UNRELEASED)

Other fine GREASY POP October releases

GPR 120 SPIKES L.P., COLOUR IN A BLACK FOREST — GPR 122 MAD TURKS FROM ISTANBUL-LOLENE
GPR 124 CONEHEADS — 3 TRACK E.P.

And due in NOVEMBER — Singles by PRIMEVILS, DUST COLLECTION and LIZ DEALEY
Cassettes by JULY 14th (Live C60) and BLOODLOSS

G.P.R., P.O. BOX 136 RUNDLE MALL, ADELAIDE 5000 SOUTH AUSTRALIA

FIRE DOWN BELOW

Some heat for the feet as CRAIG N. PEARCE ignites the latest batch of 12-inch singles.

(Watch for a bumper crop of 7-inchers next issue.)

Big Pig

CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD
Loverboy (EMI-Import)
DEXTER WANSEL
Captured (10-Import)

Loverboy is a fine example of yet another genre of black music — the Beach Scene, centred at the Grand Strand stretch of beach in North Carolina on America's East Coast. It's obviously a location where people yearn for — and get — all the melody, vigour and sensitivity of great 60s soul music. In fact, Beach has been happening since the 60s in this particular area, and General Johnson of the Board has always been one of the leading exponents of the genre.

Captured is another of those re-releases 1986 has seen so many of. And again, like *Prayin'* or *Don't Let Love Get You Down*, the choice of *Captured* is a judicious one. Paired with the simple, subdued funk of Wansel are the glorious Philly harmonies of the Jones Girls, who never fail to elicit instant rapture with their mellifluous mouthings of pain, joy and outright sexual fervour.

JAMES WILLIAMS
You Are Everything (CBS-Import)
VIOLA WILLS
Somebody's Eyes (Sedition-Import)

The new single from D Train's James Williams represents a slight departure in that its smoothness is a little less integral to the song's success than the clever collection of delicious funk components which are shuffled up intelligently, then laid down in a way that would exalt even the most cloth-eared listener's heart.

This year has been an extremely rich one for Viola Wills, whose voice is as pure as the alpine air and just as refreshing. *Somebody's Eyes* continues the stream of quality ballads she's released and should be just as big for her as the delightful *Dare To Dream*.

BOBBI HUMPHREY
No Way (Mercury-Import)
WALTER BEASLEY
Back In Love Again (WEA-Import)

No Way features the glistening musical talents of Leroy Burgess, Marcus Miller and, on a snappy little harmonica solo, Stevie Wonder (his harp seems to be featured on a myriad of songs lately). Getting away from this awesome display of talent for a minute, Bobbi herself has a fabulous, syrupy voice which suits the juicy funk rhythm of *No Way* to a T. Her flute, too, is bloody tasty.

Back In Love Again is an excellent mellow groover in the style so beloved by London's Radio One DJs. It's catchy, mostly inoffensive and ever so slightly corny. Having said that, Beasley does give the song the sort of class most pop and rock acts would give their inconsequential little careers to equal.

STACEY LATTISLAW
Nail It To The Wall
(Motown-Import)
J.M. SILK
Shadows Of Your Love
(DJ INT.-Import)

Stacey's lyrics go like this: *'Gonna open up boy/and let you look inside/nail it to the wall'*. Well, I guess it's her prerogative to sing what she wants, but I can't imagine this song's sentiments endearing her to feminists. The music itself is an inhuman metallic thumping that makes me wonder if I once *did* jump to her beat.

Shadows Of Your Love is House music, Chicago born and swept along by the merciless winds of that concrete city. J.M. Silk has succeeded in shaping a song of distinct and memorable dancefloor drama. The percussion constantly needles the melody into expressing itself succinctly and the resultant track is midnight music par excellence.

BIG PIG
Hungry Town (Mushroom)
DO.RE.MI
Guns And Butter (Virgin)

The audacious rumbling drum thunder of Big Pig has just been picked up by soporific radio giants EON and Triple M, so don't be too shocked when those stations' normally conservative tones are enlivened by Australia's greatest new band of 1986. This double-pack 12-inch features radio and dance mixes of *Hungry Town* and *Money God*, with *The Devil's Song* getting the simple 7-inch treatment. The recording sounds muted to me and the extended mixes have no real point, but even these minor flaws cannot cloud the brilliance of Big Pig's music. I do hope, however, they are in the process of diversifying the presentation of their songs.

A friend of mine once suggested that Do.Re.Mi sound like a clumsy amalgam of certain mid-70s bands that came to be known as the Carlton push. Stylistically, the influence of Stiletto, the Dots and the Bleeding Hearts is more than apparent in the dinky-toy sub-rock tones of Sydney's favourite idealistic popsters.

LOVE CAGE
Bang Bang
Money Is Sexy (222)
NEW ORDER
State/Shame Of The Nation
(Volition)

Love Cage, self-possessed cult group of the 80s, have on their debut single managed to elicit two quality songs from a myriad of stolen sources. Compiled by "non-musicians" with a penchant for wank in their self-acclamation, *Bang Bang* falls somewhere between New Order, 23 Skidoo and a distant, unknown radio noise, to express smooth, mechanical compulsion that really is quite invigorating. *Money Is Sexy*, too, has a metronomically soulful sort of bubbling beat on which to hang its ironically beautiful paranoia...

New Order's latest psychological dancefloor opus continues to uphold a standard of intense musical invention and drama that few are able to equal. Their grafting of technological software with emotion again brings interesting results.

BILLY GRIFFIN
Believe It Or Not (WEA-Import)
NAT AUGUSTIN
I'm The One Who Loves You
(10-Import)

Believe It Or Not is a sumptuous soul song set adrift on a calm rhythm of tantalising looseness. Griffin's voice would be ethereal if it weren't so tied to its earthly passions of love and loneliness.

Nat Augustin, along with groups like A View From A Hill, is one of the leading lights in the sudden resurgence of quality British soul music that doesn't necessarily go hand in hand with tacky, join-the-dots dance numbers. Sure, *I'm The One* is a funky little shuffler anyway, but it has a feel, an *insouciance* which elevates it far above the norm, and the man's voice is a major element. If you haven't also heard View From The Hill's *No Conversation* single, then you really *must*.

LOOSE ENDS
Slow Down (Capitol-Import)
MIDNIGHT STAR
Midas Touch (Solar-Import)

Both of these tracks are mid-paced groovers well suited to that creamy part of the evening when all you're aching for is a rhythm to seduce you. *Midas Touch* is the superior number, and in rippling, evocative fashion it follows up Midnight Star's hit from earlier this year, *Headlines ('Extra! Extra! Read all about it!')*.

MELBA MOORE
A Little Bit More (Capitol-Import)
LISA LISA AND CULT JAM
All Cried Out (CBS-Import)

A Little Bit More is a modestly effective ballad, a duet between Melba Moore and her one-time backing singer Freddie Jackson (of *Rock Me Tonight* fame). The greatest thing about the song is the voices, and I can't help but feel the fire should have been a little more stoked up 'neath the pot of passion to get these two *really* boiling.

All Cried Out is one of the straightest 'black' ballads I've heard in ages. From the hip-hop saturated, doo-wop infatuated Full Force family, Lisa Lisa has a voice of disarming innocence, and the pain she so ably expounds on in *All Cried Out* is a minor storm of beauty.

BABY GOES BOOM
Life (Can Be A Hurtful Thing)
(Festival)
BOB GELDOF
This Is The World Calling
(PolyGram)

Baby Go Boom are a new English band of little consequence, if this single is anything to go by. But their name suits them, as this booms from beginning to end. I sense another Talk Talk trying to escape from the twee musical huff and puff on display here.

Charity and self-indulgence seem to go hand in hand with Bob. Lyrically, he exploits his well-known penchant for organising the world out of its apathy. Musically, the money could have been much better spent elsewhere — don't you think, Bob?

THEY'RE BITING
Mini L.P. Out Now

MMA Music CHASE

RAM

Editor
Phil Stafford
Associate Editor
Chris Stafford
Design/Layout
Deborah Parry Graphics P/L
Ph (02) 331 4848
Secretary/Subscriptions
Jacqui Stafford
Advertising
Jacqui Stafford
Ph (02) 331 6136
Contributors
J.J. Adams
Tony Backhouse
Terry Byrnes
Beldon Cable
Stephen Cadbury
Grant Calton
Mark Carey
Jon Casimir
Ernie Cole
Jeremy Cook
Stuart Coupe
Cary Darling (Los Angeles)
Mark Demetrius
Jon Di Mase (Melbourne)
John Encarnacao
Ray Farley
Richard Guilliatt (New York)
Wanda Jamrozik
Elly McDonald
Andrew McMillan
Virginia Moncrieff
Mark Mordue
Craig N. Pearce
Victor Press
Adrian Ryan (Melbourne)
Marie Ryan (London)
Pat Sheil
Mara Smarrelli
Greg Smith
Greg Taylor
Phil Tripp
Clinton Walker
Bernard Zuel
Pix
Ian Greene
Mark Green
Bob King
Francine McDougall
Tony Mott
Tom Takacs
Gig Listings
Ph (02) 331 6136

PUBLISHER: P.A. Stafford, Lewisham, NSW
PROPRIETOR: AGELESS PRESS, 3/52 Francis St, Darlinghurst NSW 2010.
PRINTERS: MEDIA PRESS (Sales) Pty. Ltd., 7 Garner's Ave, Marrickville NSW 2204.
PHOTOSETTERS: **APT**ypographics Pty. Ltd., 3/52 Francis St, Darlinghurst NSW 2010. Ph (02) 331 7246.
RAM is distributed in Australia and New Zealand by NETWORK DISTRIBUTION COMPANY, 54-58 Park St, Sydney NSW 2000.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE:
ROCK AUSTRALIA MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 937
DARLINGHURST NSW 2010
AUSTRALIA
PHONES: (02) 331 2591
(02) 331 6136
TELEX: AA21822
OFFICE HRS: 10am-6pm

All manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted for publication in RAM must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and RAM cannot accept responsibility for loss. All letters submitted become the property of RAM and we reserve the right to edit them at our discretion. All material published in RAM is copyright and may not be re-produced without the written permission of the publisher. Articles reflect the personal opinions of the authors and not necessarily those of the publisher.

The publisher reserves the right to omit or alter any advertisement. The advertiser agrees to indemnify the publisher for all damages or liabilities arising out of published material.

SOUND STAGE

Reel time

48 OXFORD ST. DARLINGHURST
(02) 331 3313
24-TRACK RECORDING
DIGITAL MASTERING
LATEST FX
NO EXTRA CHARGE

QUOTE RAM FOR OUR SPECIAL NIGHT RATES

VIDEO CLIPS

SMART ARTIST PRODUCTIONS ARE NOW OFFERING TO MAKE YOU A BROADCAST QUALITY VIDEO CLIP AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

RING (02) 699 7458
GARY A/HRS (02) 389 4504

CHEAP POSTERS...

You don't pay for any fancy overheads!

100 Black & White 30" x 20" Posters... from $90
200 Black & White 30" x 20" Posters... from $120
500 Black & White 30" x 20" Posters... from $192

Prices subject to artwork and photography if applicable

Bill Wombat
1st Flr, 318 Crown Street, DARLINGHURST
Phone Now: (02) 331 7722

NEED A DRUMMER? LOST A BASSIST? LOOKING FOR A LITHUANIAN NOSE-FLUTE PLAYER?
THE VERY FACT YOU ARE READING THIS PROVES THE EFFECTIVENESS OF ADVERTISING IN SOUND STAGE. TO RESERVE YOUR SPACE (CLASSIFIEDS ONLY $15 PRE-PAID)...

PHONE JACQUI NOW ON (02) 331 6136

GUITARIST & KEYBOARDIST WANTED

For modern innovative, original band. Influences Talking Heads, Do.Re.Mi.

Phone Jonathon (02) 665 1380

SCRATCHES RECORDS SCRATCHES RECORDS

91 KING ST. NEWTOWN 516 1570.

HEAVY METAL POSTERS $9.95

FROM EUROPEAN TOURS NOW AVAILABLE FROM STARS ROCK AND MOVIE POSTERS. ALL OF YOUR FAVOURITES; METALLICA, VENOM, WASP, BLACK SABBATH, DIO..... PHONE OUR POSTER HOTLINE TO HAVE YOUR CURRENT LIST SENT OUT TO YOU OR PLACE YOUR CREDIT CARD ORDER. HOTLINE OPERATES DAILY FROM 11.00am.

POSTER HOTLINE (02) 331 1447

SEND MAIL ORDERS TO: STARS PO BOX 63 HABERFIELD 2045, ADD $3.00 PER ORDER FOR POSTAGE. LIST SENT WITH EVERY ORDER.

DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME

STARS
rock and movie posters

Call in at one of our stores if you can:
you won't believe your eyes!
Cnr Oxford & Queen Sts, Woollahra (02) 331 1447
Cnr Ramsay & Great North Rds, Five Dock (02) 712 1100

JOKERS NITE SPOT PROUDLY SPONSORS THE 1986 AUSTRALIAN KNEEBOARD PRO-AM

AN ATLAS LEISURE AUSTRALIA GROUP COMPANY

Beach all day

"MUSIC VIDEO DISCO"

Jokers all night

JOKERS NITE SPOT TILL 4a.m

3rd FLOOR CRONULLA WORKERS CLUB.
10 THE KINGSWAY CRONULLA.
- information for members & guests -

PHONE: 523 0392

TRACKDOWN

9 Edgecliff Rd, Bondi Junction

387 2621

16 TK RECORDING

DIGITAL MASTERING
TANNOY MONITORING
UNLIMITED EFFECTS

As from 1.8.86

SPECIAL RATE

$290 for 10 hour block
TAPES approx $18/song

Look at these credits:
•Pearls Before Swine Album • Ups and Downs Singles • Soggy Porridge Single • Titanic Lifesavers Single • Saints Demos • Models Demos • Mentals Demos • Do Re Mi Demos • Mustard Club Single • Club Ska Single • Bell Jars Single

STANDARD RATES
$35/hr includes engineer

COME AND HAVE A LISTEN

BEATS FROM A SINGLE DRUM

ROSE TATTOO

CALLING
FRIGHTENED KID
SUDDENLY
RUNAWAY
WINNIE MANDELA

GET IT RIGHT
SAY GOODBYE
FALLING
CLEAR AND SIMPLE
MICHAEL O'REILLY

THEIR FINEST ALBUM
featuring 'calling'

FESTIVAL

Mushroom

RML53217